THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. }
{ WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1909. }

RHYME

Of the Birth-House of "Ik Marvel."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Blow from the rosy southland realms,
Oh, dewy wind, blow night and day,
And lightly stir the stately elms,
That guard these gables quaint and gray.

Blow softly from the shining west,
And meet the dreamy eastern wind—
Blow daintily, the house is blest,
For it hath shrined a master-mind!

But from the norland, wintry gust,
Cross not this quiet spot with frost,
For though the roof is gray with dust,
And half the pristine glory lost

From the old garden's summer-space—
Whose red wall-rose hath trailed so low,
You scarce can see her blushing face,
The lilies have outgrown her so—

It was *his* home! from May to May
The child and flowers together grew
To fullest beauty, day by day,
Through life's young dream of sun and dew.

In this old hall there lingers yet
A whisper of his childhood sweet,
For here the pleasant echoes met
The patter of his little feet.

His mother kissed him in this room—
Here autumn's sunsets longest stay,
Shining across the hush and gloom,
Like boyhood's half forgotten May.

Here first the startled dreaming eyes
Looked out upon the actual world—
Here his mild spirit-reveries,
In starry beauty were unfurled!

Not in his brain are thunders wrought,
That shake this iron-fronted age—
But poet, in the world of thought,
And prophet, on the written page—

He dwells among us humanly,
With noblest aims and gentlest deeds,
Sowing the broad futurity
With ample harvests for our needs.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

In Norwich, Conn., Aug., 1857.

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

There were plenty of intrusive friends to give Mr. Dexter advice as to how he should act towards the unhappy woman who had fled from him in her despair. He was rich, good hearted,—as the world goes—honorable, domestic in his feelings and habits: every thing, in fact, that society requires in the composition of a good husband. The blame, therefore, among the friends of Mr. Dexter, was all on the side of his wife.

"You will, of course, if she persists in this unwarrantable conduct, demand a legal separation," said one.

"That is just what she wants," suggested another. "You could not grant her a higher favor."

"Wait—wait," was the advice of a third.

And so the changes were rung. Dexter listened, pondered, suffered; but admitted no one into the council chamber of his heart. There were some things known only to himself and the one he had driven from him, which he did not care to reveal. The shock of separation had rent away a few scales from his eyes, and his vision was clearer; but the clearer vision did not lessen his misery—for self-upbraidings crowded in with the illustrating light.

For awhile jealous suspicion kept him watchfully alive to the movements of Paul Hendrickson. In order to gain the most undoubted information in regard to him, he secured the services of an intelligent policeman, who, well paid for his work, kept so sharp an eye upon him, that he was able to report his whereabouts for almost every hour of the day and evening.

Days, weeks, months even passed, and the policeman's report varied scarcely a sentence. The range of Hendrickson's movements was from his place of business to his lodgings. Once a week, perhaps, he went out in the evening; but never were his steps directed to the neighborhood in which the object of his waking and dreaming thoughts resided.

In part this knowledge of Hendrickson's mode of living relieved the mind of Dexter; yet, when viewed in certain lights, it proved a cause of deeper disturbance. His conclusions in the case were near the truth. Hendrickson's withdrawal of himself from society—his hermit-like life—his sober face and musing aspect—seemed only so many evidences of his undying love for Mrs. Dexter. That an impassable barrier existed between them—that, as things were, even a friendly intercourse would be next to crime—Hendrickson felt; and Dexter's clearer perceptions awarded him a just conclusion in this particular.

So far as Mrs. Dexter was concerned, the heavy curtain that fell so suddenly between her and the world was never drawn aside—never uplifted—for even a moment. Her deep seclusion of herself was nun-like. Gradually new objects of interest—new causes of excitement—pressed the thought of her aside, and her name grew a less and less familiar sound in fashionable and family circles. Some thought of her as a wronged woman—some as a guilty woman—yet all with a degree of sympathy, for, be what she would, every woman at least knew that she was a sufferer.

A year Mr. Dexter waited for some sign from his wife. But if the grave had closed over her, the isolation from him could not have been more perfect. He then sold his house, removed to a hotel, and made preparations for an absence in Europe of indefinite continuance. He went, and was gone for over two years. Returned, and almost immediately on his arrival, he took legal steps for procuring a divorce. Mrs. Dexter received due notice of these proceedings, based simply on her abandonment of her husband, and refusal to live with him as a wife. But she remained entirely passive. The proceedings went on, and in due time Mr. Dexter obtained what he sought, a divorce. Within a month after the decree in his favor, he returned across the Atlantic.

The publication of this decree awakened a brief interest in Mrs. Dexter—or rather in plain Jessie Loring, as she was now in legal aspect. But the curious public were not able to acquire any satisfactory information in regard to her. The world in which she lived was a *terra incognita* to them.

The next exciting news which came in this connexion, was the announcement of Dexter's marriage with an English heiress. He did not return with her to the United States; but remained in England, where he established a foreign branch of the mercantile house in which he was a partner, and took up his permanent residence beyond the sea.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Six years from the day Jessie Loring laid her bleeding heart on the marriage altar had passed. For over three years of that time, she had not stepped beyond the threshold of her aunt's dwelling; and only at rare intervals was she seen by visitors. She had not led an idle life, however; or else would her days long ere this have been numbered. To her aunt and cousins she had, from the day of her return, devoted herself in all things wherein she could aid, counsel, minister, or sustain; and that with so much of patient cheerfulness, and loving self-devotion, that she had become endeared to them beyond any former attachment. There was an odor of goodness about her life that made her presence an incentive to right action.

Long before this period, Mrs. Loring had ceased all efforts to lead Jessie out of her self-imposed seclusion.

"Not yet, dear aunt! Not yet," was the invariable answer.

The day on which she received formal notice *that her husband had applied for a divorce*, she shut herself up in her room, and did not leave it, nor hold communion with any one, until the next morning. Then, with the exception of a wearied look, as if she had not slept well, and a shade of sadness about her lips, no change was discernible. When the decree, annulling the marriage between her and Dexter, was placed in her hands, she seemed bewildered for a time, as if she found it almost impossible to realize her new position.

"I congratulate you, Jessie Loring!" said her aunt, speaking from her external view of the case. "You are free again. Free as the wind!"

"This does not place me where I was," Jessie replied.

"Why not? The law has cancelled your marriage!" said Mrs. Loring. "You stand in your old relation to the world."

"But not to myself," Jessie answered with a deep sigh; and leaving her aunt, she went away to her little chamber, there to sit in solemn debate over this new aspect of affairs in her troubled life.

No—no. She did not stand in her old relation to herself. She was not a maiden with lips free from the guile of a false marriage promise; but a divorced wife. A thing questionably recognized, both in human opinion and divine law. Deeply and solemnly did this conviction weigh upon her thoughts. View the case in any of the lights which shone into her mind, she could not discover an aspect that gave her real comfort. It is true she was free from all the legal obligations to her former husband, and that was something gained. But what of that husband's position under the literal reading of the divine law? No doubt he contemplated marriage. But could he marry, conscience clear? Had not her false vows cursed both their lives?—imposed on each almost impossible necessities?

Such were the questions that thrust themselves upon her, and clamored for solution.

She had not solved them when the intelligence came of Mr. Dexter's marriage in England.

"I have news that will surprise you," said Mrs. Loring, coming into the sitting room where Jessie was at work on a piece of embroidery.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up almost with a start, for something in her aunt's manner told her that she had a personal interest in the news.

"Mr. Dexter is married!"

Instantly a pallor overspread Jessie's face.

"Married to an English lady," said Mrs. Loring.

Jessie looked at her aunt for a little while, but without a remark. She then turned her eyes again upon her embroidery, lifting it close to her face. But her hand trembled so that she could not take a stitch.

"I hope he's satisfied now," said Mrs. Loring. "He's married an heiress—so the story goes; and is going to reside with her in England. I'm glad of that any how. It might not be so pleasant for you to meet them—sensitive thing that you are! But it wouldn't trouble me. *I* could look them both in the face and not blink. Much joy may he have with his English bride! Bless me, child, how you do tremble!" she added, as she noticed the fingers of her niece trying in vain to direct the needle she held upon the face of the embroidery. "It's nothing more than you had to expect. And, besides, what is Leon Dexter to you now? Only as another man!"

Jessie arose without speaking, and kissing her aunt in token of love, passed quickly from the room.

"Dear! dear! what a strange child it is!" said Aunt Loring, as she wiped off a tear which had fallen from Jessie's eyes upon her cheek. "Just like her mother for all the world in some things—" the last part of the sentence was in a qualifying tone,—"Though," she went on, "her mother hadn't anything like her trials to endure. Oh, that Dexter! If I only had my will of him!"

And Aunt Loring, in her rising indignation, actually clenched her hand and shook it in the air.

"It has come to this at last," said Jessie, as soon as she had gained the sanctuary of her little chamber where she could think without interruption. "And I knew it must come; but oh, how I have dreaded the event! Is he innocent in the sight of heaven? Ah, if I could only have that question answered in the affirmative, a crushing weight would be lifted from my soul. If he is not innocent the stain of his guilt rests upon my garments! He is not alone responsible. Who can tell the consequences of a single false step in life?"

From a small hanging shelf she took a Bible, and opening to a marked page read over three or four verses with earnest attention.

"I can see no other meaning," she said with a painful sigh, closing the book and restoring it to its place on the shelf. It was all in vain that Jessie Loring sought for light and comfort in this direction. They were not found. When she joined her aunt, some hours afterwards, her face had not regained its former placidity.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Loring, speaking in what sounded to the ear of her niece a light tone; "have you got it all right with yourself?"

Jessie smiled faintly, and merely answered—

"It will take time. But I trust that all will come out truly adjusted in the end."

She had never ventured to bring to her aunt's very external judgment the real questions that troubled her. Mrs. Loring's prompt way of sweeping aside these cobwebs of the brain, as she called the finer scruples of conscience, could not satisfy her yearning desire for light.

"Yes; time works wonders. He is the great restorer. But why not see clearly at once; and not wait in suffering for time's slow movements? I am a wiser philosopher than you are, Jessie; and try to gain from the present all that it has to give."

"Some hearts require a severer discipline than others," said Jessie. "And mine, I think, is one of them."

"All that is sickly sentiment, my dear child! as I have said to you a hundred times. It is not *shadow, but sunshine that your heart wants*—not discipline, but consolation,—not doubt, but hope. You are as untrue to yourself as the old anchorites. These self-inflicted stripes are horrible to think of; for the pain is not salutary—but only increases the morbid states of mind that ever demand new flagellations."

"We are differently made, Aunt Phoebe," was the quiet answer.

"No, we are not, but we make ourselves different," replied Mrs. Loring, a little hastily.

"The world would be a very dead-level affair, if we were all made alike," said Jessie, forcing a smile, and assuming a lighter air, in order to lead her aunt's mind away from the thought of her as too painfully disturbed by the announcement of Mr. Dexter's marriage. And she was successful. The subject was changed to one of a less embarrassing character. And this was all of the inner life of Jessie Loring that showed itself on the surface.

CHAPTER XXV.

And what of Paul Hendrickson during these years of isolation, in which no intelligence could be gained of Jessie, beyond vague rumors? For a time, he secluded himself. Then he returned to a few of the old social circles, not much changed to the common eye. His countenance was a little graver; his voice a little lower; his manner a trifle more subdued. But he was a cheerful, intelligent companion, and always a welcome guest.

To no one, not even to his old friend, Mrs. Denison, did he speak of Mrs. Dexter. What right had he to speak of her? She was still the lawful wife of another man, though separated from him by her own act. But not to think of her was as impossible as not to think at all—not to gaze upon her image as impossible as to extinguish the inner vision. She was always by his side, in spirit; her voice always in his ears; her dear face always before him. "The cup is dashed to pieces at my feet, and the precious wine spilled!" How many, many, many times, each day, did he hear those words uttered, always in that sad, half-desponding voice that first brought them to his ears; and they kept hope in the future alive.

The separation which had taken place Hendrickson regarded as one step in the right direction. When the application for a divorce was made, he hailed it with a degree of inward satisfaction that a little startled himself. "It is another step in the right direction," he said, on the instant's impulse.

Reflection a little sobered him. "Even if the divorce is granted, what will be her views of the matter?"

There came no satisfactory answer to this query. A thick curtain still veiled the future. Many doubts troubled him.

Next, in the order of events, came the decision by which the marriage contract between Dexter and his wife was annulled. On the evening of the same day on which the court granted the petitioner's prayer, Hendrickson called upon Mrs. Denison. She saw the moment he came in that he was excited about something.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired.

"What news?" Mrs. Denison looked at him curiously.

"Leon Dexter has obtained a divorce."

"Has he!"

"Yes. And so that long agony is over! She is free again."

Hendrickson was not able to control the intense excitement he felt.

Mrs. Denison looked at him soberly and with glances of inquiry.

"You understand me, I suppose."

"Perhaps I do, perhaps not," she answered.

"Mrs. Denison," said the young man, with increasing excitement, "I need scarcely say to you that my heart has never swerved from its first idolatry. To love Jessie Loring was an instinct of my nature—therefore, to love her once was to love her forever. You know how cruelly circumstances came with their impassable barriers. They were only barriers, and destroyed nothing. As brightly as ever burned the fires—as ardently as ever went forth love's strong impulses with every heart-beat. And her heart remained true to mine as ever was needle to the pole."

"That is a bold assertion, Paul," said Mrs. Denison, "and one that it pains me to hear you make."

"It is true; but why does it give you pain?" he asked.

"Because it intimates the existence of an understanding between you and Mrs. Dexter, and looks to the confirmation of rumors that I have always considered as without a shadow of foundation."

"My name has never been mentioned in connection with hers."

"It has."

"Mrs. Denison!"

"It is true."

"I never heard it."

"Nor I but once."

"What was said?"

"That you were the individual against whom Mr. Dexter's jealousy was excited, and that your clandestine meetings with his wife led to the separation."

"I had believed," said Hendrickson, after a pause, and in a voice that showed a depression of feeling, "that busy rumor had never joined our names together. That it has done so, I deeply regret. No voluntary action of mine led to this result; and it was my opinion that Dexter had carefully avoided any mention of my name, even to his most intimate friends."

"I only heard the story once, and then gave it my emphatic denial," said Mrs. Denison.

"And yet it was true, I believe, though in a qualified sense. We did meet, not clandestinely, however, nor with design."

"But without a thought, much less a purpose, of dishonor," said Mrs. Denison, almost severely.

"*Without even a thought of dishonor*," replied Hendrickson. "Both were incapable of that. She arrived at Newport when I was there. We met, suddenly and unexpectedly, face to face, and when off our guard. I read her heart, and she read mine, in lightning glimpses. The pages were shut instantly, and not opened again. We met once or twice after that, but as mere acquaintances, and I left on the day after she came, because I saw that the discipline was too severe for her, and that I was not only in an equivocal, but dangerous, if not dishonorable position. Dexter had his eyes on me all the while, and if I crossed his path suddenly he looked as if he would have destroyed me with a glance. The fearful illness, which came so near extinguishing the life of Mrs. Dexter, was, I have never doubted, in consequence of that meeting and circumstances springing directly therefrom. A friend of mine had a room adjoining theirs at Newport, and he once said to me, without imagining my interest in the case, that on the day before Mrs. Dexter's illness was known, he had heard her voice pitched to a higher key than usual, and had caught a few words that too clearly indicated a feeling of outrage for some perpetrated wrong. There was stern defiance also, he said, in her tones. He was pained at the circumstance, for he had met Mrs. Dexter frequently, he said, at Newport, and was charmed with her fine intelligence and womanly attractions.

"Once after that we looked into each other's faces, and only once. And then, as before, we read the secret known only to ourselves—but without design. I was passing her residence—it was the first time I had permitted myself even to go into the neighborhood where she lived, since her return from Newport. Now something drew me that way, and yielding to the impulse, I took the street on which her dwelling stood, and ere a thought of honor checked my footsteps, was by her door. A single glance at one of the parlor windows gave me the vision of her pale face, so attenuated by sickness and suffering, that the sight filled me with instant pity, and fixed my soul with a deeper love. What my countenance expressed I do not know. It must have betrayed my feelings, for I was off of my guard. Her face was as the page of a book suddenly opened. I read it without losing the meaning of a word. There was a painful sequel to this. The husband of Mrs. Dexter, as if he had started from the ground, confronted me on the instant. Which way he came—whether he had followed me, or advanced by an opposite direction, I know not. But there he stood, and his flashing eyes read both of our unveiled faces. The expression of his countenance was almost fiendish.

"I passed on, without pause or start. Nothing more than the answering glances he had seen was betrayed. But the consequences were final. It was on that day that Mrs. Dexter left her husband, never again to hold with him any communication. I have scarcely dared permit myself to imagine what transpired on that occasion. The outrage on his part must have been extreme, or the desperate alternative of abandonment would never have been taken by such a woman.

"There, my good friend and aforetime counsellor," added Hendrickson, "you have the unvarnished story. A stern necessity drew around each of us bands of iron. Yet we have been true to ourselves—and that means true to honor. But now the darker features of the case are changed. She is no longer the wife of Leon Dexter. The law has shattered every link of the accursed chain that held her in such a loathsome bondage."

He paused, for the expression of Mrs. Denison's countenance was not by any means satisfactory.

"Right, so far," said Mrs. Denison. "I cannot see that either was guilty of wrong, or even imprudence. But I am afraid, Paul, that you are springing to conclusions with too bold a leap."

"Do not say that, Mrs. Denison."

He spoke quickly, and with a suddenly shadowed face.

"Your meaning is very plain," was answered. "It is this. A divorce having been granted to the prayer of Mr. Dexter, his wife is now free to marry again."

"Yes, that is my meaning," said Hendrickson, looking steadily into the face of Mrs. Denison. She merely shook her head in a grave, quiet way.

Hendrickson drew a long breath, then compressed his lips—but still looked into the face of his friend.

"There are impediments yet in the way," said Mrs. Denison.

"I know what you think. The Divine law is superior to all human enactments."

"Is it not so, Paul?"

"If I was certain as to the Divine law," said Hendrickson.

"The record is very explicit."

"Read in the simple letter, I grant that it is. But—"

"Paul! It grieves me to throw an icy chill over your ardent feelings," said Mrs. Denison, interrupting him. "But you may rest well assured of one thing: Jessie Loring, though no longer Mrs. Dexter, will not consider herself free to marry again."

"Do you know her views on this subject?" asked the young man, quickly.

"I think I know the woman. In the spirit of a martyr she took up her heavy cross, and bore it while she had strength to stand. The martyr-spirit is not dead in her. It will not die while life remains. In the fierce ordeals through which she has passed, she has learned to endure; and now weak nature must yield if, in any case, opposed to duty."

"Have you met her of late?" inquired the young man, curiously.

"No, but I talked with Mrs. De Lisle about her not long ago. Mrs. De Lisle is her most intimate friend, and knows her better, perhaps, than any other living person."

"And what does she say? have you conversed with her on this subject?"

"No; but I have learned enough from her in regard to Jessie's views of life and duty, as well as states of religious feeling, to be justified in saying that she will not consider a court's decree of sufficient authority in the case. Alas! my young friend, I cannot see cause for gratulation so far as you are concerned. To her, the act of divorce may give a feeling of relief. A dead weight is stricken from her limbs. She can walk and breathe more freely; but she will not consider herself wholly untrammelled. Nor would I. Paul! Paul! the gulf that separates you is still impassable! But do not despair!—Bear up bravely, manfully still. Six years of conflict, discipline, and stern obedience to duty have made you more worthy of a union with that pure spirit than you were when you saw her borne from your eager, outstretched arms. Her mind is ripening heavenward,—let yours ripen in that direction also. You cannot mate with her, my friend, in the glorious hereafter, unless you are of equal purity. Oh, be patient yet hopeful!"

Hendrickson had bowed his head, and was now sitting with his eyes upon the floor. He did not answer after Mrs. Denison ceased speaking, but still sat deeply musing.

"It is a hard saying!" He had raised his eyes to the face of his maternal friend. "A hard saying, and hard to bear. Oh, there is something so like the refinement of cruelty in these stern events which hold us apart, that I feel at times like questioning the laws that impose such fearful restrictions. We are one in all the essentials of marriage, Mrs. Denison.—Why are we thus sternly held apart?"

"It is one of the necessities of our fallen nature," Mrs. Denison replied, in her calm, yet earnest voice, "that spiritual virtues can only have birth in pain. We rise into the higher regions of heavenly purity only after the fires have tried us. Some natures, as you know, demand a severer discipline than others. Yours, I think, is one of them. Jessie's is another. But after the earthly dross of your souls is consumed, the pure gold will flow together, I trust, at the bottom of the same crucible. Wait, my friend; wait longer. The time is not yet."

A sadder man than when he came, did Mr. Hendrickson leave the house of Mrs. Denison on that day. She had failed to counsel him according to his wishes; but her words, though they had not carried full conviction to his clouded understanding, had shown him a goal still far in advance, towards which all of true manhood in him felt the impulse to struggle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When the news of Dexter's second marriage reached Mr. Hendrickson, he said:

"Now she is absolved!" But his friend, Mrs. Denison, replied:

"I doubt if she will so consider it. No act of Mr. Dexter's can alter her relation to the Divine law. I am one of those who cannot regard him as wholly innocent. And yet his case is an extreme one; for his wife's separation was as final as if death had broken the bond. But I will not judge him; he is the keeper of his own conscience, and the All-Wise is merciful in construction."

"I believe Jessie Loring to be as free to give her hand as before her marriage."

"With her will rest the decision," was Mrs. Denison's answer.

"Have you seen her?" inquired Hendrickson.

"No."

"Has she been seen outside of her aunt's dwelling?"

"If so I have never heard of it."

"Do you think, if I were to call at Mrs. Loring's, she would see me?"

"I cannot answer the question."

"But what is your opinion?"

"If I were you," said Mrs. Denison, "I would not call at present."

"Why?"

"This act of her former husband is too recent. Let her have time to get her mind clear as to her new relation. She may break through her seclusion now, and go abroad into society again. If so, you will meet her without the constraint of a private interview."

"But she may still shut herself out from the world. Isolation may have become a kind of second nature."

"We shall see," replied Mrs. Denison. "But for the present I think it will be wiser to wait."

Weeks, even months, passed, and Paul Hendrickson waited in vain. He was growing very impatient.

"I must see her! Suspense like this is intolerable!" he said, coming in upon Mrs. Denison one evening.

"I warn you against it," replied Mrs. Denison.

"I cannot heed the warning."

"Her life is very placid, I am told by Mrs. De Lisle. Would you throw its elements again into wild disturbance?"

"No; I would only give them their true activity. All is stagnation now. I would make her life one thrill of conscious joy."

"I have conversed with Mrs. De Lisle on this subject," said Mrs. Denison.

"You have? And what does she say?"

"She understands the whole case. I concealed nothing—was I right?"

"Yes. But go on."

"She does not think that Jessie will marry during the lifetime of Mr. Dexter," said Mrs. Denison.

Hendrickson became pale.

"I fear," he remarked, "that I did not read her heart aright. I thought that we were conjoined in spirit. Oh, if I have been in error here the wreck is hopeless!"

He showed a sudden and extreme depression.

"I think you have not erred, Paul. But if Jessie regards the conditions of divorce, given in Matthew, as binding, she is too pure and true a woman ever to violate them. All depends upon that. She could not be happy with you, if her conscience were burdened with the conviction that your marriage was not legal in the Divine sense. Don't you see how such an act would depress her? Don't you see that, in gaining her, you would sacrifice the brightest jewel in her crown of womanhood?"

"Does Mrs. De Lisle know her views on this subject?" he asked.

"Yes."

A quick flush mantled Hendrickson's face.

"Well, what are they?" He questioned eagerly, and in a husky voice.

"She reads the law in Matthew and in Luke, literally."

"The cup is indeed broken, and the precious wine spilled!" exclaimed the unhappy man, rising in strong agitation.

"Paul," said Mrs. Denison, after this agitation had in a measure passed away; "all this I can well understand to be very hard for one who has been so patient, so true, so long suffering. But think calmly; and then ask yourself this question: Would you be willing to marry Jessie Loring while she holds her present views?"

Hendrickson bent his head to think.

"She believes," said Mrs. Denison, "that such a marriage would be adulterous. I put the matter before you in its plainest shape. Now, my friend, are you prepared to take a woman for your wife who is ready to come to you on such terms? I think not. No, not even if her name be Jessie Loring."

"I thank you, my friend, for setting me completely right," said Hendrickson. He spoke sadly, yet with the firmness of a true man. "I have now but one favor to ask. Learn from her own lips, if possible, her real sentiments on this subject."

"I will do so."

"Without delay?"

"Yes. To-morrow I will see Mrs. De Lisle, and confer with her on the subject, and then, at the earliest practicable moment, call with her upon Jessie."

Two days afterwards, Mr. Hendrickson received a note from his friend, asking him to call.

"You have seen her?"

The young man was paler than usual, but calm. His voice was not eagerly expectant, but rather veiled with sadness, as if he had weighed all the chances in his favor, and made up his mind for the worst.

"I have," replied Mrs. Denison.

"She is much changed, I presume?"

"I would scarcely have known her," was answered.

"In what is she changed?"

"She has been growing less of the earth earthy, in all these years of painful discipline.—You see this in her changed exterior; your ear perceives it in the tones of her voice; your mind answers to it in the pure sentiments that breathe from her lips. Her very presence gives an atmosphere of heavenly tranquillity."

It was some moments before Hendrickson made further remark. He then said:

"How long a time were you with her, Mrs. Denison?"

"We spent over an hour in her company."

"Was my name mentioned?"

"No."

"Nor the subject in which I feel so deep an interest?"

"Yes, we spoke of that!"

"And you were not in error as to her decision of the case?"

Hendrickson manifested no excitement.

"I was not."

He dropped his eyes again to the floor, and sat musing for some time.

"She does not consider herself free to marry again?"

He looked up with a calm face.

"No."

There was a sigh; a falling of the eyes; and a long, quiet silence.

"I was prepared for it, my friend," he said, speaking almost mournfully. "Since our last interview, I have thought on this subject a great deal, and looked at it from another point of vision. I have imagined myself in her place, and then pondered the Record. It seemed more imperative. I could not go past it, and yet regard myself innocent, or pure. It seemed a hard saying—but it was said. The mountain was impassable. And so I came fortified for her decision."

"Would you have had it otherwise?" Mrs. Denison asked.

Hendrickson did not answer at once. The question evidently disturbed him.

"The heart is very weak," he said at length.

"But virtue is strong as another Samson," Mrs. Denison spoke quickly.

"Her decision does not produce a feeling of alienation. I am not angry. She stands, it is true, higher up and further off, invested with saintly garments. If she is purer I must be worthier. I can only draw near in spirit—and there can be no spiritual nearness without a likeness of quality. If the stain of earth is not to be found on her vesture, mine must be white as snow."

"It is by fire that we are purified, my friend," answered Mrs. Denison, speaking with unusual feeling.

Not many weeks after this interview with Mrs. Denison, she received a communication from Hendrickson that filled her with painful surprise. It ran thus:

"MY BEST FRIEND:—When this comes into your hands, I shall be away from B———. It is possible that I may never return again. I do not take this step hastily, but after deep reflection, and in the firm conviction that I am right. If I remain, the probabilities are that I shall meet Jessie Loring, who will come forth gradually from her seclusion: and I am not strong enough, nor cold enough for that. Nor do I think our meeting would make the stream of her life more placid. It has run in wild waves long enough—the waters have been turbid long enough—and mine is not the hand to swirl it with a single eddy. No—no. My love, I trust, is of purer essence. I would bless, not curse—brighten, not cloud the horizon of her life.

"And so I recede as she comes forth into the open day, and shall hide myself from her sight. As she advances by self denials and holy charities toward celestial purity, may I advance also, fast enough at least not to lose sight of her in the far off distance.

"You will meet her often, from this time, dear, true, faithful friend! And I pray you to keep my memory green in her heart. Not with such bold reference as shall disturb its tranquil life. Oh, do not give her pain! But with gentle insinuations; so that the thought of me have no chance to die. I will keep unspotted from the world; yet will I not withdraw myself, but manfully take my place and do battle for the right.

"And now, best of friends, farewell! I go out into the great world, to be absorbed from observation in the crowd. But my heart will remain among the old places, and beat ever faithful to its early loves.

"PAUL HENDRICKSON."

He had withdrawn himself from all business connections, and sold his property. With his small fortune, realized by active, intelligent industry, and now represented by Certificates of Deposit in three of the city banks, he vanished from among those who had known and respected him for years, and left not a sign of the direction he had taken. Even idle rumor, so usually unjust, did him no wrong. He had been, in all his actions, too true a man for even suspicion to touch his name. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

—"An unpleasant truth is a draught that is bitter
As wormwood, or gall (there's no simile fitter);
But a pleasant untruth's quite a different matter—
Men will strain at the former and swallow the latter."

☞ It is a narrow view of things to suppose that a just cultivation of women's mental powers will take them out of their sphere. The most cultivated women perform their common duties best. They see more in those duties. They can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare say, have bound up a wound, or managed a household, with any unlearned woman of her day. Queen Elizabeth *did* manage a kingdom, and we find no pedantry in her way of doing it.

☞ A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence munching apples and chestnuts at recitations like a squirrel, pocketing his hands like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull like a circus clown and dispensing American saliva like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong on the school-room for which no scientific attainments are an offset.—*Rev. F. C. Huntingdon.*

☞ Among the Romans those who were bald, and would not wear a wig, had recourse to a method quite extraordinary. They caused hair to be painted on their bare crown, with perfumes and essence prepared for the purpose. On one occasion a venerable Roman was taunted by another with the remark that he had no need of a barber for his head, as he could trim his hair best with a sponge.

☞ Adhesiveness is a large element of success. Genius has glue on its feet, and will take hold on a marble slab. Out of a pine log, a Yankee will whittle a Judgeship, a seat in Congress, a mission to England. The first part of economy is to do your peculiar work; the second to do it by system.—*Emerson.*

☞ Beyond the river of time, walk the brave men and the beautiful women of our ancestry, grouped in twilight upon the shore. Distance smooths away defects, and, with gentle darkness, rounds every form into grace. It steals the harshness from their speech, and every word becomes a song.—*G. W. Curtis.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid *in advance*. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - - - $5,00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

SIMPLE LIVING.

The hard times have brought up the subject of economical living, in England, as well as in the United States. The *London Times* lately discussed the question whether a "man" could safely marry upon an income of £300 ($1500) a year. The *London Athenæum* says:

Although a very great deal of eloquence and calculation has been wasted upon this very knotty point, we must confess that it appears to us to be a very silly question, and quite fit to be classed with the great Drapers'-Assistant Question and the great Penny to the-Waiter Question, and other great questions with which the great gun of the press is in the habit of amusing its readers. We imagine that considerably more than three-fourths of the married couples in this kingdom are able to prove (and by the best of all proofs, by demonstration,) that a man and his wife can live upon considerably *less* than three hundred a year. The real question is, *how* are they to live? and that must depend upon the tendency of the individuals towards economy or the reverse. There *are* couples who can't make both ends meet upon thirty thousand a year; and we have heard of ladies whose husbands enjoy still larger incomes, who yet owe more to their milliners than they can conveniently find the money to pay. It is a mere question of degree. If people like to pinch and deny themselves, they can live upon much less than three hundred a year; if, on the other hand, they must live in jollity and upon the fat of the land, that sum will hardly keep them. Among all the nonsense which has been written upon this subject, none stands so conspicuous for absurdity as the letter of "A Happy Man," in the *Times*, in which that jocund individual proves that he not only contrived to live very well upon three hundred a year with a wife, a child and two servants, paying doctor's bills and all imaginable expenses, but he gave away upwards of twenty pounds in charity, and saved some sixty-five pounds annually. The proof was, indeed, according to Cocker, but would scarcely have satisfied an experienced housewife; for it must be admitted that two pounds of meat and a quartern loaf is but poor measure for a family of five, whilst butter and several other articles, which are usually deemed to be necessaries, were literally omitted from the account. Thus it always is with these cut-and dried statements—very good in theory, but flimsy enough when reduced to practice.

We do not agree with the last sentence of the above, relative to what the writer is pleased to term "cut-and-dried statements." So differently are mankind constituted, that what to one seems a hardship, is regarded by another as a mere trifle. Butter, for instance, is considered by the *Athenæum* a "necessary" article of food—and yet, to the "Happy Man," who has tried doing without it for years, it may seem the veriest superfluity. Habit is everything—and the habit of doing without may become just as pleasant as the habit of use. Those who have tried giving up the use of butter or of lard, of hot cakes or warm bread, of tea, or coffee, know that it is only "the first step which costs"—that the habit of months soon reconciles the appetite to the deprivation; especially if the prohibited article be not brought upon the table. The statements of those who have tried these experiments of abstinence from expensive luxuries, from motives either of health or economy, are highly useful, inasmuch as they stimulate others to attain equal mastery over their appetites. Many a man, now toiling on from year to year, spending all he makes, might win more or less of an independence, by simply denying himself and his family those luxuries which are as nothing compared to the acquisition of a competency. And it is well that all should know that they hold in their own hands, to a great degree, the key of their fortunes,—that self-denial is generally able to win the earthly paradise, as it always is the heavenly one.

It is sad, the degradation which our high state of civilization seems to be leading to. Just to think of it—the great newspaper organ of the middle classes of England questioning whether it will do for young men to marry on $1500 a year! And this question is practically answered by thousands of young men in the negative—and the results are a mournful multitude of unmarried young women, and another more mournful multitude, "whose way is the way of death, leading down to the chambers of hell." And is this to be the end of all our boasted discoveries and inventions? Have art and science ransacked the universe to minister to the comforts and luxuries of the race—and is the result to be the prevention of marriage in all cases where these comforts and luxuries cannot be obtained?

"For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?
Oh, star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?"

If it be so, we need again such an influx of barbarism as overswept the Roman empire, to bring us down to the simple and natural laws and conditions of human happiness. If we allow these earthly powers and utilities—these slaves of the mind and of the lamp—to become our masters instead of our servants, we deserve to have our boasted civilization overthrown by a new invasion of Goths and Vandals, who, however rude and ignorant they may be, shall not have departed from the fundamental conditions of a natural and healthy existence.

There is a great deal of preaching in this world, but very little of the kind the world needs most. Even religion, so-called, bows down before wealth, and sanctifies by so doing the worship of Mammon. It is so generally considered that the richest man is the best man, now-a-days—that it is almost worth your reputation for sanity to call it into question. The lust of money is universal. Every man, pious and profane, is alike on an insane pursuit after the "almighty dollar."

"Bit with the rage canine of dying rich,
Earth's madness, and the loudest laugh of hell!"

Yes, the strife after riches is the lowest and meanest of all the ambitions with which the world is cursed. Mammon continues to be "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven." The mad desire for Fame, to be won in the camp, the legislative hall, the field of science, is comparatively noble. But the ambition to be rich—to get money, no matter how, so the money is got—is the lowest and most despicable of all ambitions. Certainly if our religious preachers have any spiritual insight at all, they might know this, and properly rebuke that "*love* of money" which is said to be "the root of all evil."

But degrading as the pursuit of Wealth is, the pursuit of an Independence, through a strict economy, is a very different thing. Independence is the opposite of Dependence. For a man to be dependent, is to be no longer a man, but to forfeit his self-sustaining manhood. To be a Man, is to be the trunk around which womanhood and childhood entwine, and beneath which they find sustenance and shelter. But this cannot be, if the Man himself be Dependent. Therefore to strive for a Competency—not by taking mean advantages of other men, but by a noble, self-denying Thrift and Economy—is every man's duty, and should be every true man's pride. From the high-living, and the mean thinking which is so apt to go with it, we should turn to simple habits and high thoughts—such thoughts and habits as dwelt with Cincinnatus on his little farm, when the gorgeous envoys came imploring him to shield his native Rome.

THE TONNAGE TAX.

We are glad to see that an effort is being made to relieve the Pennsylvania Railroad of the Tonnage Tax which the State levies upon it. The excuse originally given for this tax, was the interference of the Railroad with the State Works. Now that those Works have been purchased by the Railroad Company, the tax should be abolished.

When it is remembered that the Pennsylvania Railroad comes into competition with the Maryland and the New York Lines, the policy of burdening it with such a weight is comparable to that of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg. The success of the Railroad augments the value of property in the whole State, and thus increases the revenue from taxation—and this is the fair mode by which the State should profit from the Railroad. But to tax the tonnage of the road, is to lessen its ability to compete with rival lines, and thus drive business not only from the road but from the State.

If it be said that the removal of the tax in question will inure partly to the benefit of the stockholders of the road, we would inquire *whether that is not well also? So great has* been the loss on the existing railroad investments, that capital will be very much indisposed hereafter to undertake the construction of any new roads—on the ground that *no line will pay. A few good-paying lines* would be a direct benefit to the country by showing that railroads well located, and economically constructed and managed, will afford a lucrative return to their builders. Surely the public spirited citizens who stepped forward so nobly to save the trade of the West to their native state, should not be grudged even a large return for their money. At any rate, they should have fair play and a fair field—to make or to lose as the chances of trade shall determine.

PASSENGER RAILROADS.—The *Pennsylvanian* gives the following conversation as having taken place recently between two of the most influential and active opponents of the city railroads.—They met on one of the cars:—

"Well, Colonel, what do you think of this now?"

Colonel—"I have *caved in*—I give up my error."

The first speaker replied:

"So have I. It's a decidedly good institution, and I go in for it until the whole city is accommodated."

"Don't you wish you had your money back which was spent in opposing it last winter?"

"Oh, no; it's gone with other losses; but we will get it all back, and more, too, in the rise of the rent of our up town property."

"Yes," replied the other, "I have raised my rents already."

Both seemed heartily pleased with the enterprise, and over and over confessed their error in opposing it.

The above shows the folly of "going off at half-cock," as sportsmen express it—which seems to be a common fault with our citizens, in relation to proposed improvements. It is to the credit of the press, however, that they nearly unanimously supported the railroads. The tendency now seems to be to run into the opposite extreme, and lay a road down every court, and through every alley. Do not get too much excited, gentlemen—all city roads will not pay equal to the Fifth and Sixth street one. Remember that until every man, woman and child in the city has ridden at least once on the road, their cars will run full to overflowing.

RAREY'S INFLUENCE OVER THE HORSE.—The experiments of Mr. Rarey, in London, which we have chronicled in THE POST, seem to have been received with great interest. We observe that a card has been published, signed by the distinguished gentlemen to whom Mr. Rarey has communicated his secret, vouching "that there is nothing in the treatment other than what all horsemen will approve—*no medicines, mesmeric or other influence*, than sound practical common sense, and what any one of ordinary ability may effect with certain success; in fact, it is perhaps the only humane system in which the animal can be subdued without any risk of injury to man or horse, and is invaluable to the treatment of young and unbroken horses, as it cannot fail to tame the wildest colt."

Of course the whole sporting world will be on the *qui vive* until this important and interesting mystery is disclosed.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 173—Adults 89, and children 84.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Mr. J. G. T., of Peterboro, Canada West, says:—

"I think THE POST, without any exception, the *best paper I ever read*, and shall endeavor to do my best for its circulation in this town."

By the way, one of our Southern exchanges, in speaking of THE POST, alludes to one of its contributors. It says:—

It (THE POST) speaks to society—the great throbbing heart of every day existence. It has a column for every one, and for every day and every hour in the week. The children may scramble for it at the fire-side, and the mother lay by her needle to glean from its abundance—the young lady in love can find a paragraph to sigh over—the fun-loving something to laugh at, and all a something valuable. This is the true character of THE POST. Its original matter is sometimes exquisitely fine—its selections always good. *The great and burning intellect of the little "brown haired poetess," is its chief attraction.* Her poems sparkle as diamonds in this barren age of true and perfect poetry.

Who is the "little brown-haired poetess?" will of course be the question naturally asked by many. Fortunately an editor is not bound to know personally all his contributors, and therefore we cannot be expected to throw any light upon such a delicate subject.

READE AND THACKERAY.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post calls attention to the following extract from Reade's new story, "Jack of All Trades:"—

"'There is a place at the mouth of the Delaware, where the boat draws up to a small pier. Down this we marched, and about ten yards from the end the floor gave way under her weight, and D'jek and her train fell into the water. I was awoke from a reverie, and found myself sitting right a-top of her, with my knees in *Chesapeake* Bay.'"

Reade evidently believes that the Delaware River empties into Chesapeake Bay.

Thackeray, in the "Virginians," speaks of catching "countless quantities of shad and *salmon*" in the waters of Virginia.

THE CUBANS.—A late account from Havana says:—

At Madame Gazzaniga's benefit in Havana, the theatre was so full that the authorities forbade the further sale of tickets. Her appearance on the stage was the signal for immense cheering, and the presentation of a gold cup, with hundreds of bouquets, pigeons, doves, canaries, &c. Some barbarian, however, threw her a garlic crown. Great efforts were made to ascertain the author of the insult, but in vain. After the opera was over, the stage was illuminated, and she was crowned amidst a shower of fireworks. The presents she received and the tickets sold, netted the sum of $6,000. In addition to all this, she was conveyed to her hotel in the carriage of one of the titled families, and serenaded by the artillery band, the whole winding up with a grand supper.

To all of which we only say—Show us your *idols*, and we will tell you what you are.

New Publications.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING, OR, JERUSALEM AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE, by J. T. BARCLAY, M. D., (Challen & Co., Phila.,) is a contribution to Biblical topography and archæology which has few charms for the *merely general reader, but deserves to be in the* hands of Scriptural scholars of every grade.—Dr. Barclay has resided for several years as a *physician at Jerusalem*, and has made it a special occupation to track out the numerous sites and localities referred to in the sacred writings. The result of his labors is here set before the public in one large volume, *copiously* illustrated with diagrams, maps and engravings, the latter mostly obtained by photographic processes, and having, therefore, an established claim to minute accuracy. Much learning, industry and patience have evidently wrought in conjunction with strong and shrewd common sense, keen analytical power and sturdy intellectual honesty in the production of the work. The traditions and legends of the place, and the conclusions of tourists, have been cross-examined, and dismissed, modified or accepted, as the case may be, without fear or favor. Dr. Barclay appears to have trusted only in his own judgment, and has settled the topography and traditions of the Holy City to his own satisfaction, on the matter-of-fact evidence. His observations were made under unusual facilities, the Turkish authorities having sanctioned his researches, a favor enjoyed perhaps by no other Christian of modern times. The work cannot but be of great value to the student, since, making all necessary deductions for possible errors of judgment, in no other work can be found such a mass of minute information concerning Jerusalem.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH'S VILLAGE STORIES OF THE BLACK FOREST (F. W. Thomas, Philadelphia), are very pleasant and graphic, with a sort of Dickensish apprehension of local manners and character, and much humor and pathos. They furnish a comprehensive picture of the social life of the people in the German Fatherland, in addition to their merits as good stories.

THE REASON WHY (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, Hazard & Brother, Philadelphia,) is the odd title of a volume of condensed scientific information on various common subjects of inquiry, such as—why has the coffee-pot a wooden handle?—why do birds migrate?—why are the rays of light white?—why does it frequently feel warmer after a frost has set in?—and so on. A good many reasons are thus given for things commonly believed, but imperfectly understood.

SONGS AND POEMS OF THE SOUTH, by A. B. Meek, (Goetzel, New York, E. H. Butler & Co. Philada.,) have merit enough to win the author a summer crown from the ladies, if not the laurels from the muse.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for March, may be obtained of Mr. T. B. Peterson.

In such a wife
Fortune had lavish'd all her store,
And nothing now seem'd left for life
But to deserve her more and more.
To this I vow'd my life's whole scope;
And Love said, "I forewarn you now
The maiden will fulfill your hope
Only as you fulfill your vow."
—*The Angel in the House.*

☞ A man residing in Indiana announced himself as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and in his address to the public sums up his qualifications as follows: "I believe I was the first civilized man who skinned a coon, chased a deer, caught a bear or treed a wild cat, on the west side of White river."—*Buffalo Independent.*

WHEAT-GROWING IN SOUTHERN INDIANA.

NEW HARMONY, IND., *Jan.* 16th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

I have been a reader of your valuable paper for several years, and as I have no recollection of seeing any statement in your paper in regard to wheat-growing in Southern Indiana, permit me to give you a brief statement of my experiments on a few acres in this part of the State. I am well aware that our soil and climate are not particularly adapted to the growth of wheat: nevertheless, I am thoroughly convinced that by a proper mode of culture and fertilization, that wheat would be materially increased both in quantity and quality, though labor is so high and difficult to obtain, that we cannot improve our land as we should. I am only a pretended practical farmer, on a small scale, having no help, only as I pick up a hand occasionally. Therefore my experiments do not extend far. I will first give a statement of eight acres of barley, hill land, clay sub-soil, sown about Oct. the 1st, 1856:—

Ploughing three times and harrowing once,	$30 00
Twelve bushels seed at $1,55,	18 60
Harvesting, at $2 per day—Mowing,	16 00
Hauling to barn,	5 00
Thrashing,	30 00
Rent of land, at $2,50 per acre,	20 00
	$119 00

Yield, 220 bushels, 27½ per acre. Cost 55 cts. per bushel.

This is a small yield, owing to a bad season.

Field No. 7, 12 acres, hill land, clay subsoil, sown about the 5th of Oct., 1856—seed red:

Forty loads barn-yard manure—Allow one-half for present crop,	$10 00
Preparing ground for ploughing,	2 00
Ploughing three times and harvesting once,	24 00
Fifteen bushels of seed, at $1,	15 00
Sowing broadcast,	1 00
Harvesting, at $2 per day—for cradlers and binders same,	30 00
Rent of land, at $2,50 per acre,	30 00
Thrashing, at 14 cents,	24 36
	$136 36

Yield, 174 bushels, 14½ per acre. Cost, 79 cents per bushel.

Field No. 3, 13¼ acres, land same as above. White wheat sown in corn about the 20th of September:

Seed, 13 bushels, at $1,	$13 00
Sowing,	1 00
Ploughing and cross harrowing,	10 00
Cutting stalks, &c.,	2 00
Harvesting, hauling, &c.,	30 00
Thrashing, at 14 cents,	32 76
Rent of land,	30 00
	$118 76

Yield, 234 bushels, 17½ per acre. Cost, say 50 cents per bushel.

Field No. 9, 10 acres, lies gradually descending to the South-East. Been to clover pasture four years, corn one year, followed with oats the next, oat stubble ploughed under about the 15th of October, wheat sown broadcast and harrowed twice:

To ploughing once and harrowing twice,	$13 00
Twelve bushels seed, white wheat, at $1,	12 00
Sowing,	1 00
Harvesting, hauling, &c.,	30 00
Thrashing, at 14 cents,	36 40
Rent of land, at $2,50,	25 00
	$117 40

Yield, 26 bushels per acre, 260.
Cost, 45 cents per bushel.

This has been my experience in wheat-growing in Southern Indiana for the year 1857. I recount it at the solicitation of some of my friends, who are very anxious to know the cost of raising wheat in this newly-settled country. I have thirty-eight acres in this season, and am keeping an accurate account of the expenses.

Yours, with respect,

MOSES JOHNSON.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.—Col. Webb, the editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, in noticing a ridiculous romance about Louis Napoleon's life, when in this country, published in *Graham's Magazine*, makes an important correction of the popular idea concerning his character. It has been generally charged and believed, that he was then a dissipated, reckless *roue*, of the most profligate habits, whose time was spent in carousals and drinking. This, a regard for the truth of history induces Col. Webb to correct. He states that he lived a sober, correct life, and mixed very little in society. But, unfortunately for his reputation since, there was a cousin of his—another Prince Napoleon—in New York in the winter of 1836-7, who was a notorious profligate and gambler. The two persons have been confounded, and the character of Louis Napoleon misrepresented in this way. As Col. Webb speaks positively of what he knows, we place implicit reliance on his statements, which will do much to dispel an error that was rapidly becoming historical. In noticing the matter he remarks:

"Never were two men more unlike than the cousins Napoleon in New York, in 1836-37. The one was dignified, reserved and uncommunicative, mixing only with the oldest families and the most refined society in the city, and remarkable alike for his quiet manners and abstemious habits; while the other was a noisy, reckless, profligate *roue*—the *habitue* of drinking-saloons and houses of ill-fame—and apparently utterly regardless of the decencies of life and the opinion of the world. And now the vices of the latter are attempted to be fixed upon the quiet, melancholy, retiring and invariably abstemious cousin, who, whatever his faults, was certainly, while in New York, as prudent and circumspect as it was possible to be."

☞ There is an ideal activity which resembles palpitation of the heart from weakness; and ideas frequently flow through a debilitated brain in rapid succession, because the mental impression made by each of them is feeble and unsuggestive. The Germans have a curious term for this impressive and remarkable symptom. They call it *ideenjagd*, idea hunt. It is a hunt in which there is nothing hunted; or, like the chase of the ocean billows, where the old are ever vanishing and the new arising, without evident purpose or end.—*Journal of Insanity.*

☞ The moment we lose forethought, we lose sight of duty; and though it seems like a paradox, we can seldom be careless without being selfish.

☞ THEORY VS. PRACTICE.—There is a great deal of theology in the plea of a little girl who wished that she might be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was easy enough to read books and pray, but pretty hard to mind grandmother.

NEWS ITEMS.

MRS. PERRY, the widow of the late Commodore O. H. Perry, died in Newport, on the 11th inst., after a brief illness. Since his lamented death, in 1820, she has resided in Newport, occupying the venerable mansion purchased by Commodore Perry at the close of the war of 1812. She had for a neighbor and friend the widow of the gallant Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, who is still living.

THE people of Green Bay, Wisconsin, got up a pearl-fishing *furore* a short time since, and gathered a large lot from the Bay. They sent a lot of specimens to New York, and the jewelry firm advised them that that description of pearls was rather scarce in the market just now, and they thought that such would sell as high as *sixty cents per bushel!*

THE Houmas sugar estate, near Donaldsonville, Louisiana, lately owned by Colonel John S. Preston, has just been sold to the dry-goods firm of J. Burnside & Co., of Louisiana, for one million of dollars. It has a front of thirty five acres on the Mississippi, contains 12,000 acres, and has a working force of 550 slaves. It is said to be the finest property owned by any single proprietor in the United States. Mr. J. Burnside, who retires from business to reside on this estate, is a bachelor.

THE most heart-rending event, says the Lewistown (Pennsylvania) Democrat of the 11th, that we have ever been called upon to Chronicle, occurred in this place on Sunday night week, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Hannah Eisenbise, wife of Major Daniel Eisenbise. At the time specified she was sitting in her room alone, reading the Bible by the light of a small fluid lamp, when the lamp was accidentally thrown from the table and fell in her lap. The top of the lamp, not having been fastened securely, the fluid escaped and speedily ignited, and the next moment her entire person was enveloped in flames. She died that night.

ALL the Congregational churches in Lowell have dispensed with their choirs, and adopted congregational singing.

COL. FREMONT, when on a visit to Boston, a few days since, "intimated in unmistakeable terms that he means to be a candidate for President in 1860."

ON Friday week, Henry Fife and Charlotte Jones were executed at Pittsburg for the murder of George Wilson and his sister. This is said to be the second woman executed for murder in Pennsylvania. The execution was strictly private, no persons being present except a sheriff's jury of twelve for each prisoner, the clerical and medical men, and the prisoners counsel.—Even the reporters of the press were excluded. Fife made a statement acknowledging his guilt and the justice of his sentence.

A COSTLY STRUCTURE.—Four miles from San Jose, California, there is a flouring mill, owned by Mr. Lick, the woodwork of which is all of mahogany, and the entire cost of the building, $400,000.

JOHN WENTWORTH, Mayor of Chicago, better known as "Long John," measured his length (six feet eight inches) on the sidewalk in Chicago, not long since and dislocated his right shoulder.

A NOVEL PARTY DRESS.—At a "Fancy Dress Party," in Hartford, Connecticut, week before last, one lady appeared in a dress ornamented with hundreds of little bells, not much bigger than rain drops—affording music of the *fairy* kind in the dance. In some of the eastern countries dancing women wear bells on their ankles, which tinkle in time with the music of the dance, and, perhaps, this custom suggested the more conspicuous display of this musical ornament.

DEEP SNOW.—The Utica (N. Y.) Observer says that the snow is so deep at Poland, in Herkimer County, that the farmers are obliged to take snow-shovels in hand to break the way for their teams. This was *before* the last snow.

CAPE MAY AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.—The opening of the work for building the Cape May and Atlantic Railroad will be celebrated on Thursday, at Cape Island. This road, we believe, is to connect with the Camden and Atlantic at Weymouth, and thence continue along *the Jersey coast to Cape Island. It will be a* convenience to the citizens of Philadelphia to have two railroad connections with the most important bathing places on the coast.

THE PRICE OF A LECTURE.—Elihu Burritt was tendered $50 for a lecture he recently delivered before the Young Men's Literary Association at Kenosha, Wisconsin, but would accept only $30, modestly declaring that he conceived that to be all it was worth.

DEATH PENALTY IN WISCONSIN.—The attention of the people of Wisconsin is likely to be turned to the restoration of the death penalty for murder in the first degree. The Milwaukie News is informed that a strenuous effort will be made to accomplish this object at the present session of the Legislature, and that several members of both Houses, hitherto opposed to capital punishment, are now fully convinced of the necessity for the re-enactment of the death penalty, as the only fit penalty for a deliberate murder.

THE LATE THOMAS RITCHIE.—It is said that in the late Mr. Ritchie's house, in Washington, District of Columbia, inkstands were distributed wherever one could well be placed, and even occupied a place in his garden. This was done for the purpose of noting a thought, and by this means the veteran editor preserved what other men would have lost.

PLEASING INCIDENT.—While Mr. Westervelt was Mayor of New York, he became interested in a very pretty and intelligent little girl, who peddled apples in a basket around the City Hall, and with the aid of other gentlemen, she was put to school, and kept there until she had acquired a thorough education. Now she is engaged as a teacher in one of the public schools in New York city, in which capacity she gives entire satisfaction.

FACTORIES RESUMING WORK.—The Berkshire Woolen Company of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, has recommenced running full time, the old prices of labor being reduced 20 per cent. The mills of the New England Worsted Company, at Saxonville, Massachusetts, are now running full time. The Watuppa Mill in Fall River, Massachusetts, will go into full operation this week, on full time. It employs 175 operatives.

GRASSHOPPERS IN WINTER.—Grasshoppers lately appeared in thick swarms, upon the farm of Daniel Fields, a short distance west of Oxford, Ohio. "The oldest inhabitant" has never seen or heard of the like at such a time of year.

RAISING A FAMILY.—On the 15th of January last the wife of Warren Hutchins, of Bethel, Vermont, had an accession of three to her family—all, at last accounts, "doing well." She had at the same time a pair of healthy twins, three and a half years old. A vegetable diet, free use of cold water, and Fresh Green-Mountain air, have enabled the mother to pursue a very active life while thus multiplying and replenishing the earth.

COTTON HELD BACK.—The Memphis, Tennessee, papers state, as a cause of the hard times with them, that fully $4,000,000 worth of cotton, which naturally seeks a market in that city, is yet retained in the hands of the planters, awaiting an appreciation in value.

PORK TRADE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The number of hogs received at Cincinnati, Ohio, this season, is 423,453, against 344,512 for the same time last year. The business this season is expected to exceed 450,000. The weather is quite favorable, and it is probable that hogs will be out for some weeks to come. Prices are firm at $5,50 to $5,62½ per 100 pounds.

A HOPEFUL "HEREDITARY LEGISLATOR."—Lord Brougham's son, who is yet a minor, and consequently dependent upon his father for support, has been noted somewhat of late for his attention to a young actress in the French theatre. His father recently wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied: "If you do not double it, I'll marry her." The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he becomes of age.

SHAD from the Rowan river, North Carolina, were sold in the Washington City market on Tuesday at one dollar and twenty-five cents per pair.

ETTER FROM PARIS.

LIVING ON A VOLCANO—A WARNING TO CABBS—MODERN INGENUITY—ALGERIAN GRAPES—TURNING SWORDS INTO PICKAXES—ARIEL'S GIRDLES—WHAT IS WANTING IN RUSSIA—A BAVARIAN WONDER—MR. HOME AGAIN—AN EASTERN BURIAL.

Paris, January 28, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The wholesale killing and wounding which formed the subject of my last letter, has naturally been the uppermost topic here through the week. The journals of every political shade have been unanimous in condemning the deed; but the partisans of each different flag, if you talk with them in private, are all disappointed that the Emperor should have escaped. And although one would fain not be uncharitable in one's judgments, one can't help seeing that all the fractions of the population more or less hostile to the present government, regard the probability of such attempts being repeated as a chance in their favor. From private sources of information I learn that the Republicans are making ready for possible contingencies, and that the Orleanists have already completed a programme of the men and measures to be put forward as soon as the time shall come for action. The Legitimists are, no doubt, as busy on their side; but of them and their doings I have no certain and personal knowledge as in the case of the other parties.

The necessities of his position compel the Emperor to a course of restriction which he cannot now abandon, but which will snap asunder some of these days, in spite of his great ability, and the evident benefit that these eight years of his preventive police-services will have rendered the country. When he seized the reins, such was the strife of party-faction that neither he, nor any of his rivals, could have inaugurated anything like liberty "of speech or action." Cavaignac's shipping off 12,000 people, without a shadow of trial, to the penitential colonies of Cayenne, &c., in 1849, shows that much of the oppression and muzzling under which France is now lying, is the result of the general state of things here, and not to be specially charged on Louis Napoleon. No matter what power had then gained the upper hand, or should gain it now, all the other parties would use against it every particle of liberty left them by the government; and if you hear the advocates of any other system discussing political chances among themselves, you are struck by their agreement in one thing, viz.—the absolute necessity of "paring the nails" of the other parties!

Louis Napoleon, a free thinker in matters of religion, and a warm admirer of the English Constitution, would, say those who know him intimately, be glad to unmuzzle the press, and withdraw his favor from the clergy, but he dare not do so, because he knows the whole influence of the church would be used against him, and the organs of the other political parties would join to overthrow him. Thus he is compelled to a course of policy which will probably suffice to keep the country quiet as long as his cool head and strong hand are at the helm, but which will crumble to pieces with the shot of the bullet that reaches him.

Two journals, the *Spectateur*, an Orleanist daily, and the *Revue de Paris*, a Republican fortnightly Magazine, have just been suppressed, and public opinion, as far as I can judge, is against the measure. But it is positive beyond the shadow of a doubt, that both these publications were centres of political influence and action, and in correspondence with their co-religionists in France, Belgium, Italy, and England. Louis Napoleon could not, therefore, let them alone; yet their suppression has naturally irritated those of all parties who desire liberty of speech, and deepened their aversion to his rule. There is no possible chance for continued peace for France. Her children will go on in the old way, alternating between apathy and revolution, until they come to a distinct perception of the suicidal character and tendency of such a mode of national existence, and hit at last upon some middle course capable of affording a common platform for all the friends of peace and progress. But when, and how, that result, so greatly to be desired, is to be brought about, is a question only to be solved by Experience.

Meantime no less than 50,000 votaries of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, have been performing a pilgrimage to her tomb, and a sort of piety-and-pleasure excursion, by rail and steamer, to Jerusalem, is being got up by a railway company, and warmly urged on the faithful by the priests. The efficacy of such a pious ramble, and of *aves* and *Paters* recited in holy places, is set forth with an unblushing assurance that makes one wonder if, after all, we are not living in the ninth century instead of the nineteenth!

An instance of a different species of benightedness has just occurred for the amusement of the multitude. The hackney-coachmen of Paris have an inveterate habit of sleeping on their perch, leaving their horse to find his way as he can. The alleys of the Champs Elysees are just now very much cut up by "improvements" in course of progress; the fine drive of *Cours-la-Reine*, among others, having its gas-pipes set to rights, and consequently being cut across in several places to give access to the pipes in question. A few nights ago, a hackney-coach horse, thus left to his own discretion, took on himself the responsibility of setting off in what he probably imagined to be the direction of his stable, when he suddenly fell into the ditch; his weight broke the gas-pipe, and the blows of his shoes against the pebbles in the soil having struck out sparks from the latter, the gas took fire, and the poor animal was instantly enveloped in flame. His terrified neighings awoke the slumbering coachman, who was as much frightened as his beast, and who, on perceiving what was the matter, jumped off the box and endeavored to pull him out of the cutting. The blaze and the cries of the horse and of cabby fortunately attracted the attention of the police, who hastened to the spot, and succeeded, after shovelling in a quantity of the loose soil to stop the escape of the gas, in pulling the poor animal out of his awkward imprisonment. Cabby protested that he was not asleep when the accident occurred, but that he had "lost his way;" a plea which the police received with most evident incredulity; but in consideration of the fright he had owing to the unexpected illumination of his steed, and his narrow escape of a serious accident, they let him off with a solemn promise of proceeding against him "to the utmost rigor of the law," should he ever be found napping in the pursuit of his vocation.

The work of re-stocking the French streams, nearly depopulated since "vittles" of all descriptions have become so dear in France, is going on effectually under the care of the Government. In 1856, the Council-General of the Department of the Jura, placed the sum of $200* at the disposal of the Conservator of Woods and Forests of that District, to be employed by him in re-stocking its brooks and rivers with fish. With the aid of this small sum, all the principal lakes and watercourses of the Department have been replenished; the experiment having produced, from the eggs of the different species of fishes, 53,000 trouts, 41,000 pikes, 34,000 perches, 14,000 white fish, all of which are thriving to the heart's content of their present protectors and future devourers.

While France is thus getting on in the way of fish, Algeria is equally successful in its culture of grapes, the vine seeming to take most kindly to the African soil. Last year Algeria furnished above 11,000 gallons of a beverage which one of its ardent admirers, a well-known writer of *feuilletons* here, calls "wine of thunder, ripened by the sun," besides fifteen hundred pounds of grapes, exported for northern lovers of that king of fruits. Green peas are even now supplied to this luxurious people in mid-winter, from the Algerian market gardens; and we may hope to derive more general profit from the proximity of this tropical garden when the railways now decided on shall be completed.

The French army in Algiers, which has already executed a good many useful works in the way of making roads, sinking wells, and so on, is now to be employed in making railways. When one hears of railways in Africa one feels that the world is getting on, perverse and disappointing as it shows itself in so many respects. Telegraphic lines are also in existence in Algeria, as well as in Egypt, Turkey, and India. Europe alone, besides the submarine lines, has already 38,703 miles of electric telegraph; of which Great Britain has about 10,000; Germany and Austria 10,000; Russia 8,000; Switzerland 1,503; Italy 2,500; Spain and Portugal 600. The total length of wire are estimated as little short of 100,000 miles. The laying of the Russian telegraph is going on successfully between the Siberian and North American coasts; and will probably be in operation before the Atlantic Line can get itself put down. The line, unfortunately, for want of continuations into the western part of the North American continent, cannot be make extensively useful for some time to come, even if successfully terminated.

It is curious to reflect that Russia, whose European possessions alone equal in extent all the rest of Europe put together, has but 179 journals for the instruction and amusement of her vast population. Of these journals, 132 are in Russian; 3 in Russian and German; 1 in Russian and Polish; 8 in French; 26 in German; 3 in English; 1 in Italian; 1 in Polish; 1 in Lithuanian.

According to a Report recently published by the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, there are in that country 47 public libraries, and 3,872 schools of various kinds. The number of scholars amount to 194,490. The private schools number 614, and number 21,893 pupils, under the care of some 2,087 teachers of both sexes. In the four Governments and the three Territories of Siberia there are three lyceums, 71 public schools, and 2 private ones, whose scholars number in all 4,346. It may fairly be hoped that this vast country, under the intelligent sway of its present ruler, while substituting the stimulus of personal freedom and property in place of the knout of the overseer, will soon afford more ample employment to those two most effectual of all preachers the Editor and the Schoolmaster. It is amazing, however, how little some exceptional people continue to owe to the schoolmaster, or rather how skillfully they manage to unite the *rôles* of teacher and learner in their own person. Probably very few among your readers ever heard of Johannes Michel Moser, a native of the old town of Ratisbonne, in Bavaria, and now living in the maritime city of Brest, in France; yet this same Johannes is one of the most singular and noteworthy natural phenomena of the day. Born deaf and dumb, and having received very little education beyond what he has contrived to accomplish for himself, he has acquired the most intimate acquaintance with fifteen languages—viz: the fourteen principal living tongues of the north and south of Europe, and the Latin, which he writes with astonishing facility. He is moreover an arithmetician of the first order, executing the most complex and difficult numerical calculations with the rapidity and precision of a calculating machine. Of amiable temper, and gentle manners, he amazes all who see him by the extent of his knowledge, and the ease with which, by the aid of signs, or of writing, he converses with those who are introduced to him. As to his writing, such is his command of the pen, that he writes with equal facility all the European characters, and backwards as well as forwards.

The mention of this prodigy reminds me of another, of a somewhat different kind, and of whom mention has already been frequently made in these letters. Your countryman by adoption, Mr. Home, the Scotch-American "medium," who has been rather quiet of late (the story goes that he one day "shammed" some "manifestations" when the "spirits" were not with him, and that the latter were so angry that they came trooping in to avenge the deceit, forced him to confess it, and then, to punish him, withdrew from him for several months!), and was by some supposed to have lost his powers. But latterly the "spirits" have come back to him in greater force than ever. Being at a ball at the Duke de ——'s, a few evenings ago, the renowned "medium" was sitting by himself, with a grave face, watching the gay, whirling crowd, when a young belle approached him.

"Monsieur," said the young lady, playing gracefully with her fan and her bouquet, and bestowing the sweetest of smiles on the necromancer, by way, no doubt, of tempering the hardness of the blow she was about to inflict, "Monsieur, I have long desired to make your acquaintance, because I really do not believe one word of all the wonderful stories that are told about you! But I should be delighted to be convinced of their truth. Would you, therefore, be so very good as to give me some evidence of your power!"

"Very willingly, madame," replied Mr. Home, who is far from being so condescending in general, but who was perhaps mollified by the grace and beauty of the young lady. "Do me the favor to pass into this boudoir, and then tell me what you see." So saying, he led the way into a beautiful little room, opening out of the ball-room, and motioned the lady to take a seat on a sofa, opposite to which was a large mirror. "Do you recognize that gentleman?" presently demanded Mr. Home.

"What gentleman?" inquired the young lady, astonished at the question.

"Look in the mirror," returned Mr. Home.

The lady did so, and gave a start of surprise.

"Look still on the mirror," continued Mr. Home; "you will see all of the five gentlemen who offered themselves to you in the course of last week. They will appear one after the other."

The young lady was speechless with amazement, for she had exactly that number of declarations during that time, and all these would-be husbands now appeared, one by one, in the glass.

"It is most marvellous!" exclaimed the young lady, when the last had disappeared.

"Look again!" said the medium, "perhaps you may be able to see the one whom you ought to accept, and thus an experiment begun by you for your amusement may become really a useful instruction."

After looking for some time in the glass, the young lady declared that she saw nothing.

"That may be a valuable warning," returned Mr. Home. "Look again; you may see some one else as your destined husband."

The lady did so, and presently uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I see another gentleman," she exclaimed, "but he is not here to-night, nor had I any reason to suppose—" she stopped with a smile and a slight blush.

"That he would place himself on the list of your adorers?" continued Mr. Home, completing her unfinished sentence. The lady smiled her assent.

"You see the counsel given you by the mirror," remarked Mr. Home, as he quitted the lady with a bow.

If I happen to hear of the fulfillment of this prophetic "manifestation," the fact shall be duly recorded for the benefit of your readers.

I must add, before closing, that the poor old "mummy-queen" of Oude, whose appearance and that of her court in London were duly chronicled in one of my former letters, has just died here of cancer, medical aid for which disease she had come hither to seek. An astonishing amount of ablutions were performed on the body, which was then embalmed by the Indian servants in their own way, viz.: by pushing various odoriferous substances into the ears, nostrils, and throat. The corpse was then rolled in a piece of cloth of gold, and prayed over by Hindoo priests. After which it was left in the open court all night, surrounded by fires, and with the attendants of the deceased princess saying prayers about it. Next day it was removed to Pere la Chaise, and there buried. The family of the King of Oude, a mere Rajah until the present generation, is not held in much esteem in India. He was a tributary to the King of Delhi; and his importance has been much overstated by European journals. No one could look on the sensual, cruel, and effeminate faces of the young Prince of Oude and his male and female relatives, and imagine that the rule of such people could be anything else than the curse to their little principality which history shows it to have been.

QUANTUM.

---

* In this country $1,000 would have been appropriated, and nothing come of it.—*Ed. Post.*

MEETING OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON KANSAS.—WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The Special Committee of the House on Kansas Affairs met this evening.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered a resolution summoning Ex-Governor Walker, General Calhoun, Ex-Secretary Stanton and General Henderson, for examination, and requiring them to bring all the documents in their possession bearing upon the subject matter of investigation.

To this it was objected that the official documents being obtained from the Executive Department, oral testimony might not be necessary.

This resolution, together with four or five others looking to the examination of all matters covered by the resolution under which the Committee was appointed, was tabled by a vote of 8 yeas to 7 nays.

Mr. Adrian's (New Jersey) resolution, instructing the chairman to procure from the State Department the registry and census of the votes of Kansas, with an amendment, offered by Mr. Stephens, (Geo.) "in accordance with the law," was adopted.

The Committee then adjourned to Wednesday next, in order in the meantime to procure the documents called for.

THE orange crop of Los Angeles, California, is coming into market. The crop amounts to about 170,000, and is sold on the ground at $12 per thousand. The cultivation of the orange is destined to become an important source of wealth to the State, or at least it will occupy many persons, and hold an important place in our trade. The trees commence bearing when eight years old, and will produce a crop worth $25 per tree, or $1,000 to an acre containing forty trees. This estimate is a low one, both for the price and the quantity of fruit; for a good tree often yields several thousand oranges in a year. The cultivation in earnest has just commenced; this year's crop may be said to be the first which has ever come to our market from Los Angeles. The fruit is large and good.—*California Paper.*

ACQUITTAL OF GOV. BEBB.—Ex-Governor Wm. Bebb, of Ohio, who now resides near Rockford, Illinois, was last fall indicted for shooting and mortally wounding one of a party of reckless young men who were infesting his residence and annoying his family with a charivari or horning party on the occasion of the marriage of one of Gov. B.'s sons. He was tried for murder last week at Rockford, and triumphantly acquitted. Tom Corwin and Judge Wm. Johnson, of Ohio, conducted the defence. The verdict is said to be in accordance with public sentiment in Rock county, and, while the fatal effect of Gov. Bebb's shot is deeply to be deplored, it is to be hoped that the verdict will do much to put down those disgraceful exhibitions of brutality and ill-breeding known as charivaris.

THE ICE BUSINESS AT THE NORTH AND EAST.—The late "cold snap" has enabled the ice men at the North and East to go to work in earnest. The Boston Ledger says:

"In our own vicinity ice cutting is going on with more than usual industry, and many more than the usual number are engaged in laying up the cooling material for summer drinks. In Medford, where a large quantity is annually stored, the ice is nine and a half inches thick; what quantity of it is stored, and what is in process of being stowed away, is two inches thicker. All the ice houses adjoining Spot Pond are well filled, and there will be no scarcity of ice in that quarter."

THE visiting companies to the celebration at Richmond, Va., on the 22nd, have been informed by an aid-de-camp that rations and quarters will be furnished them at the expense of the State. The "guests of the State" are to have accommodations provided for them at the American Hotel, and the "State dinner" is to be given at the custom house.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Paris correspondent of the Post states that the French Government has made no demands upon other governments respecting foreign refugees, but it has presented observations, and the initiative of foreign governments has probably been invited.

THE CHATEAUX IN FRANCE.—According to a general survey lately made of the old castles and country seats now existing in France, there remained 20,312, whereof 311 are of the 12th and 13th centuries, 804 of the 14th and 15th, and 3,114 of the 16th. The others are of a later date. More than 2,500 of them have drawbridges, turrets and crenelated battlements.

HEAVY SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—A suit against the town of Randolph for damages sustained by a school girl in falling down an embankment in the school house yard in that town, will be tried at the February term of the Supreme Judicial Court, for Norfolk county, which will commence its session for jury trials on Tuesday next. The damages are laid at $20,000.

JOINT-STOCK CIGAR COMPANY.—Several noblemen and gentlemen, a short time since, were concerned in starting a joint-stock company to provide the public with the necessaries of life; now we observe a few persons of title are getting up an association, with limited liability, to supply all England with genuine cigars. On the direction of this curious enterprise are two rear-admirals, one of whom is a baronet; a lord, who is a privy councillor; and a colonel.—*Liverpool European Times.*

THE President, it is stated, has nominated Colonel Johnston, of the Utah expedition, to be a Brigadier-General.

IT may be mentioned, as an evidence of the increased attention paid to matters of education in Illinois, that since January 1, 1856, three thousand school-houses have been built in the State.

IN view of the probable destruction of Canton by the English and French fleets, and the consequent disturbance of the tea trade, the prices of that commodity have advanced 2a3c per lb., in this market, within the few days past. Speculators are disposed to purchase even at the advance, and there is every probability, therefore, that still higher points will be reached. The stock of blacks here is extremely limited, and but little can be had under 40c per lb.

A LITTLE girl named Kate, daughter of Mr. John Lamont, of Manchester, Allegheny Co., Pa., died on Monday of tetanus or lockjaw. While sliding on the ice on Saturday she received an injury in the foot. This trouble resulted in the painful disease, of which, despite all the efforts of her physician, she died.

ONE of the most fortunate bears in the New York stock market last fall, Tim Brown, had failed to meet his engagements. He offered to pay a very liberal per centage, however, and the offer being accepted, he was permitted to retain his seat at the Board. Mr. Brown, it is said, made $150,000 by the panic in stocks last fall, and when the crisis was at its height, money being next to impossible to get, he held in his hands $130,000 cash, which he did not fail to use to advantage. His "corner" to-day created much surprise.

BALTIMORE is talking of a city passenger railroad. If the irregularity of the streets in Baltimore is no obstacle, the citizens will find a passenger railroad a great convenience. A movement has also been made in Washington City to establish one there.

THE late Duke of Devonshire has left, by his will, the great bulk of his vast property to his successor in the dukedom, the Earl of Burlington. He has left £10,000 each to Earl Granville and the Earl of Carlisle, and an annuity of £4,000 each to the Countess of Carlisle and the Dowager Countess Granville. Sir J. Paxton receives a legacy of £1,600, and there are also a great number of small annuities to servants and dependents.

IT is the intention of the English Government to release Mr. Robert Bates, of the firm of Strahan, Paul & Bates, on the 27th of October, when three years of his imprisonment shall have expired. The three partners had been sentenced to transportation for life. The Government, in reply to memorials on behalf of Bates, have recognized the distinction between his case and those of Paul and Strahan; Bates having been merely a nominal partner, on salary, without any control or management or share in the profits.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—The Jacksonville (Fla.) Republican records the death of Mrs. Winny Lassiter, on the 28th ult., aged 130 years. She was a native of North Carolina, and was married in the colony many years before the revolution.

GREAT DECLINE IN IMPORTS.—The whole value of the importations at Boston, Mass., during the last week, was $255,371. The amount in the corresponding week of last year, was $2,034,020.

IS SKATING A HERESY?—The New York Evening Post treats the appearance of the venerable Dr. Allen among the skaters at Northampton as a "fall from grace." The Post says:

"What would the great Calvinistic theologian, Jonathan Edwards, say to this exhibition of agility on the part of his pupil and successor in the Northampton pulpit? Truly, what with the Dr. Allen's skating heresy, and Dr. Bellows's new notions on the drama and theatre, the clergy is getting in a bad way."

A COLORED LADY INVITED TO THE ROYAL WEDDING.—Queen Victoria invited Sarah Bonnetta, an African Princess, boarding at Chatham, to the wedding of the Princess, and sent her dresses suitable for the occasion.

SPREADING.—The Wolverines have been startled by the appearance of a scarlet petticoat in the streets of Detroit.

AN exchange recommends the following as an infallible cure for beastly intoxication:

"Whenever a person is in a stupid and insensible state, from the abuse of intoxicating drinks, lay him on his right side, elevate his left arm, and pour cold water down it slowly. Before a common pitcher full can be emptied the man will walk, perfectly sober."

THE THREE L'S.—Hall's Journal of Health says it is the three L's, Liquor, Licence, and Late Suppers, which slay the annual hecatombs of Northerners who visit New Orleans. Dr. Hall lived there ten years, and speaks from professional experience.

A HORRIBLE case of spontaneous combustion is reported as having recently occurred in Cairo, (Illinois.) A man named Faxon, suffering under delirium tremens, entered a saloon and called for a glass of brandy. Immediately after drinking it his breath came in contact with a lighted match in the hand of a bystander, and instantly took fire and burned for nearly two minutes, when death ended his tortures. The agonizing screams of the wretched man are described as having been horrible in the extreme.—*Louisville Democrat.*

OUT in Plover, Wis., a religious revival was conducted by a clergyman, noted for his piety and muscle. A number of young bloods who endeavored to "cut up," were severely reprimanded. They felt insulted, and proceeded to punish him. The result was that he put them to flight with a sprig o' shilalegh, administering a few wholesome cracks to those who came within his reach.

BANKS RECHARTERED.—The Northern Bank of Kentucky, Bank of Kentucky, and Bank of Louisville, have all been rechartered for twenty years by the State Legislature.

THE official statement shows that the whole number of passengers arriving from foreign countries during last year was two hundred and seventy-one thousand five hundred and fifty-eight, of which number one hundred and nine thousand were females.

THE President has removed Mr. Price, Postmaster at Chicago, and reappointed Mr. Cook, his immediate predecessor. He has also removed Mr. Miller, Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio, and appointed Ex-Governor Medary in his place. Both Price and Miller were appointed during the recess of Congress.

VALUABLE STOCK.—It is asserted that the stock on the Cunard line of European steamships is at over 200 per cent. premium. Very little of it is ever sold. A gentleman of Glasgow last summer offered £3,000 for a share of £1,000, but could not get it. With their first five ships they have built all their additional eight or nine ships, with the common earnings, without any assessments for additional capital.

APPARITION.—Mrs. Dodge, wife of a captain who was killed at Agra, while lying upon a sofa in her residence at Deptford, was startled to see, as she supposed, her husband standing before her. She rose to meet him, but he was not there. She even ran to the garden after him, presuming he was playing a lark with her. When she told her friends what she had seen, they laughed, and pronounced it a fantasy. Subsequently, it was ascertained that Capt. Dodge was killed on the very night of the apparition.

IN Tuolumne county, California, the citizens appear to be rife in arms for war against the Mormons. We have heard of seven companies being formed in that county, and the aggregate of men who have volunteered amounts to over three hundred.

IN HASTE.—The Woonsocket Patriot mentions the marriage of a widow whose husband had been dead but sixteen days. Also the marriage of a juvenile couple—the husband aged 15, and the wife 14 years.

CAUSE OF THE MILD WINTER.—We have heard a good many plausible theories advanced for the unprecedentedly mild winter, but a wag has definitely settled the question by calling our attention to the fact that Mayor Pilcher has had his hair cut very short, and significantly adding, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—*Louisville Courier.*

CANADA.—The Canadian press is largely occupied just now with discussions upon the selection of Ottawa as the future capital. Acquiescence rather than satisfaction characterizes the remarks of the Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec journals.

GOV. PACKER has sent a requisition to the Governor of Ohio, for the delivery of Frederick W. Porter, the late Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, who proved a defaulter some months ago to the tune of $90,000.

BENT ON CHANGING THE NAME.—The Senate of Alabama, by a unanimous vote, has passed a bill changing the name of "Benton county" to that of "Calhoun."

A CHEAP CITY TO LIVE IN.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Union says:—"Good flour can be had at $1.50 and the best at $5,50 per barrel; dressed hogs at 6 cents per pound; beef at 5 cents; mutton at 5 cents; butter plenty, at 15 cents per pound for prime, and 13 cents for common; eggs abundant, at 10 cents per dozen; best potatoes 63 cents per bushel.

AVALANCHE IN MAINE.—An avalanche of ice and snow which descended upon the house of Mr. Elisha Murray in Montville, Maine, broke in the doors and windows, filling the lower rooms with snow and water, and bursting the partitions, descended into the cellar. Mrs. Murray was thrown upon the floor and had her arms broken and her shoulder dislocated. The path of the avalanche across the farm was forty to fifty feet wide, carrying away walls, fences, &c.

PAPER MONEY IN CALIFORNIA.—The issue of paper intended to circulate as money is made a misdemeanor by the laws of the State of California, and an attempt was lately made in this city to enforce the law against the richest man of San Francisco, Mr. Samuel Brannan. He had issued some certificates of deposit for $5, payable to bearer, which seemed evidently intended to circulate as money. The District Attorney drew up an indictment against Brannan, but the Grand Jury ignored it for reasons not known to the public.—*San Francisco paper.*

COL. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, died suddenly at his plantation in Mississippi, on the 10th instant, as we learn by a private despatch from Columbia. Col. H. has long been a popular and influential citizen throughout the South.

I. H. DANA, of Lawrence, Mass., has completed a copper kettle, which holds 700 gallons, for a dyer of Philadelphia.

WAGES OF BRITISH FEMALE OPERATIVES.—The wages of adult females employed in spinning flax at Dundee, in Scotland, are only 6s. 6d. per week, for 60 hours—say 26 cents a day. Last year they were 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d. a week, or 30 to 31 cents a day.

SIGNIFICANT.—A writer in the Norfolk (Va.) *Argus* describes the Statue of Washington, in Richmond, as having its eyes fixed on the House of Delegates, and its right fore finger *pointing to the Penitentiary.*

PRETTY FAIR.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Register says: "Whether Queen Victoria's red petticoats *will become a fashion in America is yet to be known. It is certain, however, that the attempts of some of her male predecessors to introduce their red coats* into this country did not succeed."

SOME time ago a photograph and description of one John Lines, charged with murdering a man named Thomas Morris, in New Orleans, last October, were sent to St. Louis, together with an offer of $1,200 for the apprehension of the perpetrator of the bloody deed. A man who came from St. Charles a few days ago was arrested, and he turned out to be the murderer. He is now on his way back.

DURING a revival, in the Second Methodist Church of Lancaster, Pa., last week, the Rev. Mr. Walters, pastor, peremptorily ordered "those persons who did not wish to comply with his request (to kneel during prayer) to leave." Mr. Henry Miller, of that city, refused to do either, whereupon Mr. Walters instituted a suit against Mr. Miller, before a magistrate. A clergyman of the same church appeared as a witness, testifying that it was not compulsory with every one to kneel, but simply customary. Judgment was given in favor of defendant.

A KING FOR CANADA.—The Sandwich (C. W.) Mercury is advocating the erection of Canada into an independent kingdom, with a permanent ruler. The most eligible person to found a Canadian dynasty, the Mercury thinks, is a Prince of England; for, while his elevation to the throne of the new kingdom "would be a graceful tribute of loyalty to our gracious Queen, it would remove the disadvantages under which we at present labor and would bind us more firmly as an entirely independent nation to the first empire in the world."

A LAWYER PUZZLED.—The Hartford, Conn., Courant states, that, a few days since, in the course of a suit then progressing in that city, a woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross examined her said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "*He milked.*" The lawyer evaporated.

THREE steamers are being built in Dutch dockyards for the Emperor of Japan. One, called the Jeddo, is about to paddle away from Rotterdam, under Captain Gerkens; it has a scientific library on board.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Austria have almost unanimously declared themselves in favor of the abolition of the usury laws, and of free trade. They have also demanded a new code of commerce.

TEMPERANCE AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Bangor (Me.) Union, says that about two years since, Father Eugene Vetromile undertook the temperance reformation of the Penobscot tribe of Indians. As the reward of his untiring labors he now has the pleasure of announcing that more than one-half of the tribe have taken the pledge, and strictly adhere to it. Drunken Indians are no longer seen in the streets of Bangor or Oldtown.

WHEN the prefect of police went into the Emperor's box, and with officious particularity detailed the discoveries, the captures, the weapons, the slaughter, and all the rest of it, the Emperor, after listening long, motionless and silent, replied: "Very well, M. Prefect, you have proved very satisfactorily what I knew before, that the French police is the very worst in all Europe."—*Times.*

JOHN MITCHELL, the Irish refugee, is now denouncing in the Southern Citizen—the paper he publishes in Tennessee—the naturalization laws, and fears that, unless they are repealed, "the United States is in danger of being made the common almshouse, *refugium peccatorum*, and penal colony of the world."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says that the bark Adriatic, after taking in provisions at Genoa, had again escaped during a storm at night, and put to sea.—The agent of Messrs Gauthier Brothers, who had been telegraphed to, from Marseilles, to come and make a new seizure, arrived a few hours too late.

THE line of railway from Paris to Cherbourg will be opened on the 1st of July, and that to Brest is making rapid progress. By these lines all the garrisons on the Rhine frontier and central France could be assembled in twenty-four hours on the margin of the Atlantic.

THE New England Courant—Benjamin Franklin's newspaper—in 1726, contained the following advertisement:

"*Just published and Sold by the Printer hereof.* "*," HOOPED-PETTICOATS Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and Law of God. *Price 3d.*"

IT is estimated that were all the United States as densely inhabited as Massachusetts, they would have a population of 446,000,000 souls.

THE Legislature of Texas is a remarkable body, and its labors without a parallel. They have a large amount of business on hand, and for some time have been holding three sessions a day—forenoon, afternoon, and at night. To these they have recently added a fourth, a session *before breakfast.* The Austin Gazette says the House now meets at 4 o'clock A. M., and goes to work.

A WICKED MATCH.—The following match has been made by Mr. Travis and Mr. Samuel A. Sydam, of New York city: Travis bets Sydam $1,000 that he will find a boy who will stand at the distance of ten paces, and place an orange, not to exceed two and a half inches in diameter, in each hand, and one upon his head, which he (Travis) will shoot from their respective localities; no object to intervene. If Travis fails to find the boy who will stand, or fails to hit the oranges in the three shots, or at any shot touches the boy, he loses the bet. The match to be shot in Louisville June 15th, 1858. If Travis kills the boy, he ought to be tried for murder.

We find the subjoined paragraph in the Washington States:—"Since the adjournment of the Naval Courts of Inquiry, certain developments have been made, which, we have every reason to believe, will place in a very disagreeable position a naval officer of high rank. The matter will be brought before the attention of Congress, and demands will be made from very responsible sources to dismiss this offender from the service which he has disgraced.

GAS EXPLOSION IN A CHURCH.—Eight or ten persons were severely wounded, two or three of whom are not expected to live, by the explosion of gas-pipes in the Methodist Protestant Church on Sixth street, near Race, in Cincinnati, on February 19th. The interior of the church was torn to pieces by the explosion.

BURNING OF THE PACIFIC HOTEL AT ST. LOUIS.—Twenty-five persons were killed and 50 others seriously injured by leaping from the windows of the Pacific Hotel, at St. Louis, a fire having broken out in the house at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 20th inst. The building was destroyed. Owing to the confusion, the names of the killed and wounded have not yet been ascertained.

IMPORTANT FROM KANSAS.—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—Late advices from Kansas, state that a party of Lane's men had visited Westport, Missouri, in search of Mr. Danforth, a member of the Lecompton Convention. The Missourians made no resistance.

Mr. Stofer, Democratic representative from Leavenworth county, is recovering from the wounds received in the late attempt to murder him.

The grocery of Pat. Laughlin (who killed Collins at Doniphan a year or two ago) was broken open during his absence, a few nights since, and its contents were burned in the street.

A skirmish is said to have occurred at Fort Scott, but no particulars have yet been received. Governor Denver refused to send his troops there.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 18.—The Kickapoo correspondent of the Republican says that on the night of the 6th inst. a party, headed by Charles Dupert, burned the offices of Mr. Boyd, a lawyer, and Dr. Davis, a physician, destroying all their property. Messrs. Boyd, Davis, Kelly, Laughlin, Lynch, and many others have fled for safety to Upper se, and much excitement prevailed. It is said to be in retaliation for the alleged election frauds at Kickapoo.

The committee charged with the investigation of the alleged election frauds have discharged Diffendorf.

It is reported that Gov. Denver has issued requisitions to the Governors of three States for the person of Jack Henderson.

The Legislature adjourned on the 13th inst. Gov. Denver had failed to approve the bill for a new Constitutional Convention.

Parties of armed men are moving about in the direction of Fort Scott, but no fights are as yet reported.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—"Jack" Henderson, clerk of the Surveyor General of Kansas, and Mr. Marshall, the Pro-Slavery Governor elect of Kansas, have both arrived in this city.

Mr. Winston has been appointed U. S. Marshal for Kansas. He is the same person who some time ago was appointed Indian Agent of the same Territory, but was removed.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 19.—The Kansas correspondent of the *Democrat* says that the Topeka Legislature reassembled on the 10th instant.

The codifying committee reported a complete code of laws.

A concurrent resolution was introduced, setting forth that, as the President advocates the passage through Congress of the Lecompton Constitution, Gov. Robinson be requested to correspond with the Governors of those States friendly to the Peoples' Government of Kansas, to elicit aid in case it should be necessary to resist such encroachments upon the principles of Republicanism.

An election was held in Atchison county on the 8th, for a member of Council, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Carr, the Democratic member of Congress elect, which resulted in the choice of Mr. Chalig, (Dem.,) over Mr. Wheeler, (Free State,) by 250 majority. On the 4th of January, the same county gave 100 Free State majority.

The telegraphic despatch announcing that a band of Free State men from Kansas had visited Westport, Mo., in search of a Pro Slavery man named Danforth, incredible, as it seems, turns out to be true. The party consisted of over twelve men, and was a Sheriff's posse, summoned to serve a legal warrant for the apprehension of Danforth. Hence there was no resistance. It appears that Danforth was one of the men who represented Johnson county in the Lecompton Convention, and it having just been discovered that the whole delegation from that county was composed of actual residents of Missouri, warrants were issued for them, in pursuance of the legislative investigation. The posse went to Danforth's house, in Westport, where he and all his family reside, but he did not happen to be found at the time.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—The New York Day Book, a few days since, published the following paragraph:—

"M. Gavarni, a French machinist, has perfected his aerial ship, at a cost of 300,000 francs, and made a voyage to Algiers, Africa, and back with it, a distance of 1,500 miles from his starting point. The average speed was almost 100 miles an hour, the voyage out occupying eighteen hours, and the return sixteen hours. M. Gavarni is to make the attempt from Havre to the city of New York as soon as he has further tested the character of his invention by a few short trips over the Mediterranean and its neighboring provinces. The time consumed from Havre to New York would be but thirty hours, breakfasting at the former city and supping at New York the evening of the next day."

HOG CHOLERA IN VIRGINIA.—A very fatal epidemic, as we learn from the Bedford (Va.) Democrat, is now prevailing in that county among the hogs. Mr. A. Ferguson, of Liberty, has lost several large fat hogs—ready to kill—within the last two weeks, and several others have lost theirs in the same way. From the time that a hog begins to complain he quits eating, and dies in two days. Mr. Ferguson had one cut open the other day, to ascertain what was the matter, when he found the entrails and liver were perfectly rotten.

A HUNT FOR A HEART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I never could think I had beauty of face,
I am not an Adonis I know;
So when Nature appointed each one to a place,
She did not place me in the show.
I have seldom known much of poetic insanity—
Even that did not come in my part—
Yet I often have thought (for each has his own vanity)
That I truly possessed a whole heart.

I have thought so because I have felt something throbbing
At sight of another in woe;
I have thought so, because there was nothing like robbing
It would ever consent I should do.
It will open my purse to a stranger in sorrow,
Who quite often from sight will remain,
Yet should the same stranger come meaning to-morrow,
I believe it would lend him again.
I have thought I'd a heart for on many occasions
I could not pass on like another,
Who would turn off appeals with a simple evasion—
Something said, "go and raise up your brother."
It has drawn me in fights in defence of the weak—
Sometimes even when foemen were double—
W[illegible] here after great trials to hear myself speak,
I[illegible] ve been simply knocked down for my trouble!
It h[illegible] as caused me to watch over others in pain,
T[illegible] take almost a fatherly part—
And [illegible] in return I ne'er get aught of gain,
W[illegible] I always will think I've a heart.

When [illegible] by constant exertion I'd gathered some wealth,
Enou[illegible]gh, as I thought, for my life,
As I st[illegible] was quite youthful, and still had my health,
I conc[illegible]luded to seek for a wife.
As I kno[illegible]w I'm not handsome—said I to myself,
I must [illegible] look not for beauty to love me;
As I neve[illegible] had talents, and but little grace,
I'm afra[illegible] one so blessed is above me.
As I have e[illegible]nough for myself and another,
She need [illegible] not have wealth on her part,
But I am de[illegible]termined to fail altogether,
Or else to f[illegible] one with a heart.

So I called on [illegible] Miss Sallie, a lady near by,
Who could c[illegible]ertainly not boast of station,
But who willin[illegible] would, I could see by her eye,
And the way s[illegible] harped on one relation:
I saw how she [illegible] and her poor friends—"they were
[illegible]—"
I saw so much h[illegible] heartless pride,
That I thought, "[illegible] should I ever place you on a horse,
I certainly know w[illegible]here you'll ride."
She seemed slightly [illegible] miff'd when one evening I rose
And took up my hat [illegible] to depart—
"Are you going to leav[illegible] us?" said she with a smile;
"Yes! Miss Sallie, to [illegible] hunt for a heart!"

Although th[illegible]ough my life [illegible] both by habit and choice,
My range had been mo[illegible] mid *democracy*,
I thought that for change I [illegible] would alter my course,
And that this time I'd try [illegible] *aristocracy;*
As I had—by the greatest g[illegible] od fortune on earth—
A friend who could do me [illegible] the honor,
I was duly conducted, and g[illegible]ly put down
By the sweet Miss Eudora O[illegible] Connor.
I found in her one who by natu[illegible] re was gifted
With a generous heart and a [illegible] mind,
But both were so starved, and th[illegible] selfish so lifted,
They required a long search to [illegible] find.
'Twas the earliest precept they tau[illegible]ght to her youth,
A part of her mis-education,
That an impulse of nature, an undis[illegible]guised truth,
Were two things unsuiting her sta[illegible]tion.
The merchant who placed eighteen [illegible] signs round his door,
Determined that he would reveal it,
Took not half so much pains as did swee[illegible] 'Miss Eudora'
With her mind—in the hope to conceal it!
Disappointed, again I prepared to depart,
I was sorry, yet could not but choose it,
For where's the advantage in finding a heart
If you're sure that you never could use it?

I picked up a family paper one day,
And turned to the sweet Poet's Corner;
I read there so dismally mournful a lay,
That it must have been done by a mourner.
I pitied the mind that conceived such a scene,
I pitied the frail hand that drew it,
In what depths of affection that poor *one* had been,
How much *heart* had this piece—if one knew it.
I looked for the name, and it was "Effie Dell,"
Then I said—before long I will see
If she who can write of affection so well,
Will not have just a little for me!—
I saw the fair Effie—by the way, somewhat older
Than my fancy had made her to be,
Her form also taller, her carriage much bolder,
Her converse more easy and free
She talked of ideas as a farmer of wheat—
Or a grocer of business commodities—
I quoted a stanza, she counted the feet,
New thoughts were to her only *oddities.*
She asked my opinion of "*Wailings and Cries,*"
I told her I never had read it,—
She threw up her hands, then looked into my eyes
To see if I quizzed when I said it.
Now I cannot say truly I understand *all*
That poets have written in song.
Yet often when younger I've felt a tear fall
As some deep gliding thought came along,
And I've said, at such times 'twas a glorious station,
And surely a heaven-born art,
And that he who succeeds in the noble vocation
Must be always possessed of a heart.
So I mentally said—"Fare you well, Effie Dell,
I should do you much harm if I stayed,
You certainly do not own much of a heart,
And you need all you've got to your *trade!*"

As I've no more to say I believe I will stop,
I have failed—not for want of some *trials;*
But I've one of those natures so bl[illegible]ful of hope
That it bears a good many denials.
Should any fair reader be so very kind
As to give me her aid in my part,
Her favor shall always be fresh in my mind
As a *scent* in the hunt of a heart.

EDGAR WYAND.

An English Domain.—A correspondent of the New York Independent, thus describes the domain of the Duke of Devonshire, recently deceased. "The domain of the Duke would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference, and contains 3,000 acres.

"The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is twenty-five acres. There are thirty green-houses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. We went into three or four containing nothing but pine-apples, ripe; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures fifty-one feet in width and fifteen feet high, and bears one thousand peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 600 feet long, and *such* grapes! We saw pine-apples weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. One green-house has only figs, another only mushrooms.

"But what shall be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost $500,000. It is heated by steam and hot-water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruit, sugar-cane, coffee-trees, bamboo, and in short, every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm-trees are from fifty to sixty feet high. The smoke of an immense fire underneath, is carried in pipes under ground to an outlet in the woods. The coal is brought in a tunnel 600 yards under ground. One fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet."

HOUSE GARDENS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Some writer speaks of it as one of the most essential things for human happiness, to "cultivate a thick undergrowth of small pleasures."

In the line of this undergrowth lies the whole subject of house ornamentation.

It is not sufficient that a house be so arranged as to be neat, warm, tight, comfortable—it is capable, furthermore, of producing above all this, in the home atmosphere, a constant gentle influx of pleasure, which soothes the nerves and insensibly rests the soul.

A house should, in this *respect*, be like the great house of Nature which our heavenly Father has provided, in which, over and above the *uses* of everything, there is a constant emanation of beauty, so that the eye and the senses are constantly soothed and refreshed.

But many persons, on hearing this, begin instantly to feel in their pockets, and to talk of the expensiveness of good pictures and engravings, the necessity of securing essentials first, and the costliness of necessary living, which, according to them, utterly forecloses the possibility of any provision for the esthetic faculties in their household arrangements.

Without stopping to say how much of what is called necessary in ordinary housekeeping might be saved, from upholstery and needless or unhealthy table luxury, and given to a genial art culture and house ornamentation, we intend now to treat of a very humble and cheap form of the subject, namely, house ornamentation—by adopting therein and thereabouts Nature's elegancies ready-made.

Plants, flowers, grasses, mosses, ferns, are ornaments ready-made, which God gives us for the picking up, and which it is inexcusable to neglect—which may be so distributed about our households as to be a constant suggestion to us of the inexhaustible freshness and beauty of our Father's works.

We have seen with delight, and many others beside us may have coveted, those splendid parlor-gardens, in which hot-house plants, arranged under a glass shade, grow and flourish without giving to anybody the care of watering or tending. But these charming arrangements range at a price between twenty-five and fifty dollars, and are therefore wholly out of proportion to the means of those in humble and moderate circumstances.

But when we turn away with a sigh, let us ask, after all—Are there no wild-wood mosses, no tiny vines, no grasses in the neighboring marsh or field, which we might combine together under glass of a less expensive construction, and realize all the pleasures of these more costly arrangements. The feathery *lycopodium* of the green-house is trodden under foot as a common moss in Italy, and we have many a moss and wild-vine whose effect is quite as beautiful. A lady of our acquaintance has, in her parlor, a plain glass case, opening with a hinged lid, somewhat like a milliner's show-case. The bottom of this has a zinc pan about three inches deep, and in this receptacle grow and flourish ferns, mosses, wild-vines, and berries, with all the freedom and abundance of their native woods. The expense of such a case is from five to seven dollars, and any carpenter can make it.

Suppose that our city friends, in their summer vacation in the country, *provide* themselves with a receptacle like this;—fill the pan when you get there with a wood mould, such as you find at the root of a dense clump of trees—mix this with finely broken charcoal, *for* which you may make interest at the cooking-stove of any of your culinary acquaintances. The object of this charcoal is to prevent all sourness and unhealthy fermentation, which may prevent growth in its incipient stages. Here, then, you have a foundation on which, from time to time, you work.

You mould your soil into mimic mountains and valleys—you find a mossy stone in one walk, and forthwith erect it into a mountain—you happen to have a great sea shell, and you put that in and plant it full of delicate ferns—the thing grows daily under your eyes, and your children begin to look through the woods with awakened eyes—every day you find something new, and arrangements and re-arrangements vary every day. In the autumn you enclose your treasure in a packing-box, with only the precaution of pasting a strip or two of paper across each pane of glass to prevent their being cracked with the vibration, and seeing that your treasure is kept "This side up with care."—and when you get home you have a fragment of the wild-wood in your parlor, which asks little light, little care; only perhaps a thorough sprinkling once a week, and will keep on silently growing all winter. Such a case set by the sickbed of an invalid is a priceless treasure; for the thousand varieties of woodland life are, as it were, epitomized in it;—here scarlet partridge-berries, from day to day, grow larger and redder—there a feathery moss begins to put out new tips, or a hooded one gradually changes its sober brown cap for a cap of brilliant scarlet. Till one has tried collecting them, one has no idea of the inexhaustible variety and quaint beauty of mosses. They are not read at a glance like plants and flowers, but will bear infinite pondering. They are a peculiar generation, flowering and bearing seed in strange, hidden ways of their own, and the creeping, silent perseverance of their growth has a soothing effect on one who studies them.

But even without the glass case one may do something very pleasing in the way of house culture of mosses. We could narrate a very successful experiment in which a superannuated old waiter was the only available foundation. Earth mixed with broken charcoal was the substratum, and moss being added, well drenched with water, an artificial swamp was formed, in which pitcher-plants and a variety of aquatic tribes of the same general water-loving taste and turn throve harmoniously together.—Moss has the good properties of a sponge, it is an admirable receptacle for water, and the roots of aquatic plants will run among it with greater satisfaction than even in the earth. The common garden forget-me-not is a water plant which thrives especially when treated in this way. Young bulbs of the Callus Ethiopica also thrive therein, as well as the ferns and various swamp-grasses.

A collection arranged in this way needs to be kept wet like a swamp, and, moreover, to be sprinkled with a fine brush every day till everything glitters and bears drops as after a heavy dew; and truly the operation of watering and tending is its own reward, for when you have covered every twig and leaf and star of moss with fine sparkling globules of water, it is as if one had stolen in mid-winter a slice out of a dewy summer morning.

The wild flowers of our woods, if carefully treated, may be made charming house ornaments. As a general thing they have all that degree of hardihood that they may be dug up in bud or blossom, and arranged in vases, and will go on blossoming in a shady parlor as unconsciously as in their native woods. A large dinner platter, if you have nothing apter, covered with earth, may be banked up thick with wild blue violets, which will last a week or ten days in your parlor, and the work of looking them up and arranging them will save many a doctor's bill. You may vary your arrangements infinitely. Blue violets may be bordered by a thick edge of that sweet white one which is found by the brook-side and in all shady, watery places, or you may make edges of the fair eyebright, which one of our little householders calls the "bird-flower," because he has noticed in his short experience that it always comes when birds begin to sing.

The English ivy, which now can be got for a trifling expense at most green-houses, is a plant that will grow and thrive almost anywhere in a house, if it be kept moist enough. The best plan is to set the pot in a larger one, and fill the interstices between with moss, and keep it constantly soaked.

We have seen a whole side of a drawing-room thus covered with trailing ivy, running around the pictures, casting a festoon round a statuette, and giving to the wintry apartment the charm of a bower.

The German ivy has also a most vigorous habit of growth. It is of a thinner texture, and will not, like the other, do well in dark and shady nooks, but in a window where it has the sun, it makes nothing of giving you a fresh green shoot three feet long in a week, and will soon turn any window into a bower.

All the ferns, so far as we have tried, may be easily dug up, potted, and used as parlor ornaments, and the shadier your parlor the better. You may have whole fern banks there, if you like, and truly no ornament can be more graceful than these wild plumes of forest feathers.

But a word to the wise is enough. We may have further suggestions for another time.—*Independent*

Curious Revolutionary Verses.—The following ingenious composition appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper many years ago. Who the author was, I am unable to ascertain. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz: in three different ways.—1st. Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. 2nd. Then the lines downward on the *left* of each comma in every line;—and 3rd, in the same manner on the *right* of each comma. By the first reading you will observe that the Revolutionary cause is deprecated, and lauded by the others:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join;
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast;
Who non resistance hold, they have my hand and heart.
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part;
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North that British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

—*Historical Magazine.*

A Firm Belief in Providence.—In the Hon. Mr. Murray's book on Egypt, the following anecdote is related:—

"I was surprised to find that this Mahmoudieh canal, although cut by the present Viceroy at an enormous cost of money and of human life, through a country perfectly flat, is as winding in its course as a path through a labyrinth. On asking Demetri, our dragoman, if he could explain the cause of this, he answered me by a story—for he has a story ready for almost every occasion. The very same question, he says, was lately put to Mohamed Ali by a French engineer travelling through Egypt. The Pasha, after a moment's reflection, said to the engineer:

"'Have you ever seen rivers in Europe?'

"'Yes, sir, many,' was the reply.

"'Are they straight or crooked in their course?'

"'They are generally crooked, sir.'

"'Who made the rivers?' inquired the Pasha.

"'They were made by Allah,' said the astonished engineer.

"'Then, sir,' concluded the Pasha, triumphantly, 'do you expect me to know and to do better than Allah?'

"The poor engineer had no reply to make to this strange argument, so he took his leave and went his way."

Curious Fact.—A curious paper has just been communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Jobart, touching a sound exactly corresponding to the note *la*, which is heard by some persons in shaking their heads rather smartly from right to left. In shaking the head, the malleus may easily touch the bone of the incus, producing a slight metallic sound, which all those who have heard it acknowledge to agree with the note *la* in music. Those that hear the same note in both ears, are endowed with a perfect sense of hearing, and are musicians born. Those who hear the note in one ear only possess the sense in an imperfect degree. M. Jobart deduces a consequence, in selecting a profession for a child, viz: that the capacity for music may be tested at an early age, by ascertaining whether the subject hears the note equally in both ears or not.

One Hundred Years Ago.—A book with this title has recently been published in England, and is extensively noticed in the London papers. The book gives interesting particulars about matters in 1757-58. The following item is quoted from the volume:—

Fashionable Gambling.—My lords of Rockingham and Orford made a match against each other for five hundred guineas, as to whether five turkeys or five geese would in the shortest time perform the journey from Norwich to London. The result vindicated Lord Orford's sagacity; for, though at first the turkeys had it all their own way, the geese waddled past them at night while they were lazily roosting upon the trees beside the hedgerow.

PERSUASION AGAINST CARE.

Shake off these cares, my friend,
And let us make an end
Of all these saddening fears
If sorrow, or cold care,
Could darken a gray hair,
Rub out a graven wrinkle,
Or give our yellowing years
The tints they used to wear,
Why then 'twere well to sprinkle
Our smiles with tears

But, since our lots are cast,
Come, let us love the hand
That, weighing all our past,
Our future lives has planned!
Thy lot might still be worse,
And mine be more distressing;
Some joy, which now we nurse,
Might yet become a curse,
Which Heaven has made a blessing.
Trusting—I can resign
The hopes which still are mine,
Into *its* hands who gave
All that I had and have.
With what is thine do so;
Then may we smoothly go
Into the careless grave.

ANECDOTES OF NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMEN.

Dr. Deane and his Wig.—We find here and there records of pleasant little encounters of humor among them on those points. Parson Deane, of Portland, was a precise man, and always appeared in the clerical regalia of the times, with powdered wig, cocked hat, gown, bands. Parson Hemmenway went about with just such clothes as he happened to find convenient, without the least regard to the conventional order.

Being together on a council, Dr. Deane playfully remarked—

"The ferryman, Brother Hemmenway, as we came over, hadn't the least idea you were a clergyman. Now I am particular always to appear with my wig on."

"Precisely," said Dr. Hemmenway; "I know it is well to bestow more abundant honor on the part that lacketh."

A Rambling Preacher.—One Mr. Moody, who flourished in the State of Maine, was one of those born oddities whose growth of mind rejects every outward rule. Brilliant, original, restless, he found it impossible to bring his thoughts to march in the regular platoon and file of a properly written sermon. It is told of him, that, moved by the admiration of his people for the calm and orderly performances of one of his neighboring brethren of the name of Emerson, he resolved to write a sermon in the same style. After the usual introductory services, he began to read his performance, but soon grew weary, stumbled disconsolate, and at last stopped, exclaiming—"Emerson must be Emerson, and Moody must be Moody! I feel as if I had my head in a bag! You call Moody a rambling preacher;—it is true enough; but his preaching will do to catch rambling sinners, and you are all runaways from the Lord."

Handkerchief Moody.—His son, Joseph Moody, furnished the original incident which Hawthorne has so exquisitely worked up in his story of "The Minister's Black Veil." Being of a singularly nervous and melancholic temperament, he actually for many years shrouded his face with a black handkerchief. When reading *a sermon he would lift this, but stood with his* back to the audience so that his face was concealed—all which appears to have been accepted by his people with sacred simplicity. He was known in the neighborhood by the name of Handkerchief Moody.

Minister in Mourning.—It is recorded of the venerable and eccentric Father Mills, of Torringford, that, on the death of his much beloved wife, he was greatly exercised as to how a minister who always dressed in black could sufficiently express his devotion and respect for the departed by any outward change of dress. At last he settled the question to his own satisfaction, by substituting for his white wig a black silk pocket handkerchief, with which head-dress he officiated in all simplicity during the usual term of mourning.

Parson Smith and Mr. Longfellow.—In that delightful naive and simple journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister settled in Portland, Maine, in the year 1725, we find the following entries:

"July 4, 1763. Mr. Brooks was ordained. A multitude of people from my parish. A decent solemnity."

"January 16, 1765. Mr. Foxcroft was ordained at New Gloucester. We had a pleasant journey home. Mr. L. was alert and kept us all merry. A jolly ordination. We lost sight of decorum."

This Mr. L., by the by, who was so alert on this occasion, it appears by a note, was Stephen Longfellow, the great grandfather of the poet. Those who enjoy the poet's acquaintance will probably testify that the property of social alertness has not evaporated from the family in the lapse of so many years.

Dr. Griffin on Laughter.—It is recorded of Dr. Griffin, that, when President of the Andover Theological Seminary, he convened the students at his room one evening, and told them he had observed that they were all growing thin and dyspeptical from a neglect of the exercise of Christian laughter, and he insisted upon it that they should go through a company drill in it then and there. The Doctor was an immense man—over six feet in height, with great amplitude of chest and most magisterial manners. "Here," said he to the first, "you must practice; now hear me!" and bursting out into a sonorous laugh, he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to join, till the whole were almost convulsed. "That will do for one," said the Doctor, "and now mind keep in practice!"

Dr. Bellamy.—New England used to be full of traditions of the odd sayings of Dr. Bellamy, one of the most powerful theologians and preachers of his time. One or two of his sayings circulated about us in our childhood. For example, when one has built a fire of green wood, he exclaimed, "Warm me *here!* I'd as soon try to warm me by the star-light on the north-side of a tomb-stone!" Speaking of the chapel bell of Yale College, he said, "It was about as good a bell as a fur cap with a sheep's tail in it."

A young minister, who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success. "Why, man," said the Doctor, "can't you take a lesson of the fisherman? How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line, you bait it carefully and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait and humor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now you get a great cod-hook and rope line, and thrash it into the water, and bawl out, Bite or be damned!"

The Doctor himself gained such a reputation as an expert spiritual fisherman, that some of his parishioners, like experienced old trout, played shy of his hook, though never so skillfully baited.

"Why, Mr. A.," said he to an old farmer in his neighborhood, "they tell me you are an Atheist. Don't you believe in the being of a God?"

"No!" said the man.

"But, Mr. A., let's look into this. You believe that the world around us exists from some cause?"

"No, I don't!"

"Well, then, at any rate, you believe in your own existence?"

"No, I don't!"

"What! not believe that you exist yourself?"

"I tell you what, Doctor," said the man. "I a'n't going to be twitched up by any of your syllogisms, and so I tell you I *don't* believe anything—and I'm not going to believe anything!"—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK AND NAPOLEON.

Among the many fables which cluster round the "Iron mask," there is one which I cannot resist giving out. If one only dared, one would certainly believe it; but pleasant as it is to fly in the face of history, even I am obliged to say "Hold, enough!" In the early days of that dreary captivity—those days in which the prisoner (whether from fancy or memory) was thus described—"as of handsome face, middle height, brown skin, clear complexion, and beautiful voice"—there was a lovely young lady in the fortress of Ste. Marguerite; she was the daughter of one of the officials, and her name was Julia de Bonpart. The mysterious prisoner fell in love with this bright sunbeam, whom he had seen from his window; and what feminine heart could resist a persecuted royal, and masked prisoner? The father gave his consent—they were married at an altar erected in the dungeon, and the devoted wife cheered the gloom of the weary lifetime. Two little infant sons could not, however, be retained near the unfortunate parents, and were sent secretly to Corsica, under their maternal name of Bonpart. From them sprang the Buonapartes, who are therefore Bourbons. In the course of a conversation at St. Helena, it was mentioned to Napoleon by a gentleman present, that a person had come to him to tell the above story, and to demonstrate from thence that Napoleon was a lineal descendant of the Iron Mask, and thus the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. The gentleman had laughed at the whole story, which made the narrator very angry; he maintained that the marriage could easily be verified, by the registers of a parish of Marseilles, which he named. The Emperor said that he had heard the same story; and that such was the love of the marvellous, that it would have been easy to have substantiated something of the kind for the credulous multitude.—*Mrs. Brewster's Letters from Cannes.*

Ripe Humanity.—Dr. O. W. Holmes, says: "*Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a* little while before they begin to decay. I don't know what it is—whether a spontaneous change, mental or bodily, or whether it is thorough experience of the thanklessness of critical honesty—but it is a fact, that most writers, except sour and unsuccessful ones, get tired of finding fault at about the time when they are beginning to grow old. As a general thing, I would not give a great deal for the *fair words* of a critic, if he is himself an author, *over fifty* years of age. At thirty we are all trying to cut our name in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack knives. Then we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way. So I am glad you have a little life left; you will be saccharine enough in a few years.

"Some of the softening effects of advancing age have struck me very much in what I have heard or seen here and elsewhere. I just now spoke of the sweetening process that authors undergo. Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children? I have heard it said, but I cannot be sponsor for its truth, that the famous chieftain, Lochiel, was rocked in a cradle like a baby, in his old age. An old man, whose studies had been of the severest scholastic kind, used to love to hear little nursery stories read over and over to him. One who saw the Duke of Wellington in his last years describes him as very gentle in his aspect and demeanor."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Rachel's Presentiment.—When Rachel returned from Egypt in the Spring of 1857, she dwelt in a villa in the environs of Montpelier. While there she was one day visited by Ponsard, the poet, and Arsene Houssaye. During the conversation, she said to Houssaye:

"Do you remember the dinner we had at Victor Hugo's house after the revival of *Angelo?* Do you remember that we were *thirteen?* There were Hugo and his wife, you and your wife, I and my sister Rebecca, Girardin and his wife, Gerard de Nerval, Pradier, Alfred de Musset, Perree of the *Siecle* and Count D'Orsay. Now, recall where those *thirteen* guests are. Victor Hugo and his wife are at *Jersey*, exiled; your wife is dead; Mme. de Girardin is dead; my poor sister Rebecca is dead; Gerard de Nerval, Pradier, Musset, Perree, and D'Orsay, are all dead. I—let us speak no more of it. There only remain Girardin and yourself. Adieu, my friends, never again laugh when there are thirteen at table."

Did Not Believe in Exercise and Dying.—I believe the only physician who has been known to condemn exercise was Cardenas, a physician of Milan. He exclaims against using any exercise that can fatigue a man in the smallest degree, or throw him into a sweat, or accelerate his respiration. He gravely observes that trees live longer than animals, because they do not stir from their places. About the same time, Asgill, a French writer, undertook to prove that man is literally immortal, or rather that any given living man might probably never die, if he used sufficient prudence and a forcible exercise of the will. He complains of the *cowardly practice of dying*, considering it a mere trick, or unnecessary habit.—*Anon.*

THE TERM OF PLANT-LIFE.

The term or period of plant life [illegible] between wide extremes, from the ephemeral mushroom to the church yard Yew whose years are reckoned by thousands. The term of life for each species is, of course, mainly dependent upon its laws of growth, yet is often modified by the climate and seasons. Thus the Castor-Oil Bean (Ricinus communis) is an *annual herb* in the Northern States, a perennial shrub in the Southern, and a tree some 40 feet high in its native India.

Flowering and fruit-bearing is an exhausting process. If it occurs *early in the life* of the plant, it generally proves the *fatal event*. In all other cases, it is either preceded or followed by a state of necessary repose. *If flowering be prevented* by nipping the buds, the tender annual may *live* and become perennial as we see in the Florist's Tree—mignionette.

We distinguish plants as to their term of life, into the annual, the biennial, and the perennial. An *annual* herb is a plant whose entire life is limited to a single season. It germinates from the seed in Spring, attains its growth, blossoms, bears fruit, and dies *in Autumn*, as the Flax, Tomato, Morning Glory. Such plants, unless they "*sow themselves*," would soon, if neglected, disappear forever from our fields and gardens.

A *biennial* herb is a plant which germinates and vegetates, bearing leaves only, during its first season; blossoms, bears fruit, and perishes, during its second season; as the Beet and Radish do. Wheat, Rye, &c., are annual herbs, although when sown late in Autumn they have the habit of perennials, in consequence of the *prevention of their flowering* by the sudden cold.

The Century Plant and the Talipot Palm are examples of herbs (hardly trees) which botanists call *monocarpic*. They vegetate, bearing leaves only, during many years, accumulating materials and strength for one mighty effort in fructification, which being accomplished, they die. But although the vital principle is extinguished in the parent, it rests, multiplied a thousand fold, in the seeds.

The *longevity* of trees is an interesting study. While some trees live only a few years, rapidly attaining their growth and rapidly decaying, like the peach-tree; others, on the contrary, have a longevity exceeding the age of man, and some species outlive many generations. It is well known that the age of a tree is correctly indicated by the number of wood circles or rings found in the trunk—each ring being the growth of a single year. We here subjoin several remarkable examples, ascertained by the above rule, or by tradition and history, quoted from De Candolle:

An Elm lived to the age of	335	years.
Cypress, (Eastern)	350	"
Larch,	570	"
Chestnut, about	600	"
Orange,	630	"
Olive,	700	"
Platanus Orientalis,	720	"
Cedar,	800	"
Many tropical trees, seen by Humboldt,	1,000	"
Lime,	1,076, 1,147	"
Oak,	810, 1,080, 1,500	"
Yew,	1,214, 1,458, 2,588, 2,820	"
Taxodium, upward of	4,000	"
Adansonia, of Senegal and Cape Verd Islands,	5,000	"

The Yew-trees of Britain are of wonderful longevity. The following list is *quoted from Prof. Balfour:*

A Yew at Fountain's Abbey, Ripon, lived	1,200	years
Yews, in the church-yard of Crowhurst, Surry,	1,450	"
Yew at Fontignal, Perthshire,	2,500 to 2,600	"
Yew at Bradbourn church-yard, Kent,	3,000	"
Yew at Hedsor, Bucks, 27 feet in diameter,	3,200	"

A Banyan-tree, (Ficus Indica,) yet growing upon an island in the Nerbudda River, India, is believed to be identical with that which is mentioned in history by Nearchus in the time of Alexander the Great, as being capable of sheltering 10,000 men at once. Portions of it have been carried away by floods, but enough remains to overshadow 7,000 men. Its principal trunk is more than 900 feet in girth, and its branches are supported by 350 other trunks, which equal that of our largest oaks, while the smaller trunks are some 3,000 more.

The White Pine (Pinus strobus) of the American forest, with a diameter of 6 or 7 feet, attains the height of 180 to 200 feet. In the early settlement of Dartmouth College, a Pine stood upon the College plain which measured 210 feet in height. In the Ohio Valley, the Red Maple (Acer rubrum) and the Sycamore (Platanus occidentalis) attain to great dimensions. A specimen of the former in Indiana, measured 16 feet in diameter, of the latter, 23 feet.

But all things considered, the monarch tree of the world, is the Sequoia gigantea, called the California Pine, of the Sacramento Valley and Mariposa. One which had fallen, measured 31 feet in diameter and 363 feet in length. Among those yet standing are some of still greater dimensions, as beautiful in forms as they are sublime in height, the growth (as estimated by the annual wood-circles) of more than 3,000 years!

"Fashionable Congregation."—The newspaper reporters pay a very equivocal compliment to this or that preacher, when they tell us he was listened to by a "fashionable" congregation. Fashion is all right at the theatre or the opera, or other public assemblages of a secular character, but the jade ought not to have anything to do in the Temple of the Most High. Think of Paul preaching to a "fashionable" congregation on Mars' Hill, or a greater than Paul delivering a sermon on the Mount to a "numerous and fashionable audience." True, we have fashionable preachers, but it is a question whether their preaching would not be followed with better effects if the "fashion" were taken out of it. Fashion is a heartless thing at best, and heartlessness in religion is hypocrisy.—*New York Express.*

Excessive Eating.—In a letter to Lord Murray, Sydney Smith says:—"You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish anything like happiness, in the fifth act of life, you should pay more attention to the amount you eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I did live upon, I found that between ten and seventy years of age I had eaten and drunk forty-four one-horse wagon-loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and in health. The value of this mass of nourishment is considered to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by voracity, have starved to death more than one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true—and I think, dear Murray, your wagons would need additional horses."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I met a girl the other day,
Some twelve years old or so,
The image of a nymph I loved
Some twenty years ago.

The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,
The hair of raven flow—
Ah, how they set my heart ablaze
Some twenty years ago.

I spoke—her answers did not much
Of wit or wisdom show—
But thus the lovely Mary talked
Some twenty years ago.

What! could a shallow heart like this
My heart in tumult throw?
I must have been a little green
Some twenty years ago.

I met the lovely Mary since—
Her charms have vanished though—
Her wit and wisdom are the same
As twenty years ago!

I looked upon her faded cheek,
Until my feelings glow;
And thank her that she scorned my love
Some twenty years ago!

Fond boy! who now wouldst gladly die
To please some simpering Miss—
Who knows what then wilt think of *her*,
Some twenty years from this!

A SNAKE STORY.

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA."

I was conducted in my ramble through the Meerut churchyard by an old and very intelligent pensioner, who had originally been a private in a regiment of Light Dragoons. This old man lived by the churchyard, that is to say, he derived a very comfortable income from looking after and keeping in repair the tombs of those whose friends are now far away; but whose thoughts, nevertheless, still turn occasionally to that Christian enclosure in the land of heathens and idolators.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the old man, stooping down and picking up something, "if the old gentleman hasn't shed his skin again! This is the skin of a very large snake, a cobra capella, that I have known for the last thirteen years. He must be precious old from his size, the slowness of his movements, and the bad cough he has had for the last four or five years. Last winter he was very bad indeed, and I thought he was going to die. He was then living in the ruins of old General Webster's vault, and coughing continually, just like a man with the asthma. However, I strewed a lot of fine ashes and some bits of wool in the ruin to keep him warm by night, and some fine white sand at the entrance, upon which he used to crawl out and bask, when the sun had made it hot enough; and when the warm weather set in he got all right again."

"Rather a strange fancy of yours, to live upon such amicable terms with the great enemy of the human race?"

"Well, perhaps it is. But he once bit and killed a thief who came here to rob a child's grave of the iron railings, which its parents, contrary to my advice, had placed round it, and ever since then I have liked the snake, and have never thought of molesting him. I have had many an opportunity of killing him, (if I had wished to do it) when I have caught him asleep on the tombstones, in the winter's sun. I could kill him this very day—this very hour—if I liked, for I know where he is at this very moment. He is in a hole, close to the Ochterlony monument there, in that corner of the yard. But why should I hurt him? He has never offered to do me any harm, and when I sing, as I sometimes do when I am alone here at work on some tomb or other, he will crawl up, and listen for two or three hours together. One morning, while he was listening, he came in for a good meal, which lasted him for some days."

"How was that?"

"I will tell you, sir. A minar was chased by a small hawk, and in despair came and perched itself on the top of a most lofty tomb at which I was at work. The hawk, with his eyes fixed intently on his prey, did not, I fancy, see the snake lying motionless in the grass; or if he did see him he did not think he was a snake, but something else—my crowbar, perhaps. After a little while the hawk pounced down, and was just about to give the minar a blow and a grip, when the snake suddenly lifted his head, raised his hood, and hissed. The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings with all his might, and tried very hard to fly away. But it would not do! Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk for a time seemed suspended in the air; but at last he was obliged to come down, and sit opposite to the old gentleman (the snake) who commenced, with his forked tongue, and keeping his eyes upon him all the while, to slime his victim all over. This occupied him for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don't think he was dead. But he was very soon, however, for the old gentleman put himself into a coil or two, and crackled up every bone in the hawk's body. He then gave him another sliming, made a big mouth, distended his neck till it was as big round as the thickest part of my arm, and down went the hawk like a shin of beef into a [illegible]'s bag."

"And what became of the minar?"

"He was off like [illegible] air, the moment his enemy was in trouble, and no blame to him. What a funny thing nature is altogether, sir! I very often think of that scene when I am at work here."

"But this place must be infested with snakes?"

"I have never seen but that one, sir, and I have been here for a long time. Would you like to see the old gentleman, sir? As the sun is up, and the morning rather warm, perhaps he will come out, if I pretend to be at work and give him a ditty. If he does not, we will look in upon him."

"Come along," said I.

I accompanied the old man to a tomb, close to the monument beneath which the snake was said to have taken up his abode. I did not go very near to the spot, but stood upon a tomb with a thick stick in my hand, quite prepared to slay the monster if he approached me; for from childhood I have always had an instinctive horror of reptiles of every species, caste, and character.

The old man began to hammer away with his mallet and chisel, and to sing a very quaint old song which I had never heard before, and have never heard since. It was a dialogue or duet between the little finger and the thumb, and began thus. The thumb said:

"Dear Rose Mary Green!
When I am king, little finger, you shall be queen."

The little finger replied:

"Who told you so, Thummy, Thummy? Who told
you so?"

The thumb responded:

"It was my own heart, little finger, who told me so!"

The thumb then drew a very flattering picture of the life they would lead when united in wedlock, and concluded, as nearly as I can remember, thus:

THUMB:
"And when you are dead, little finger, as it may hap,
You shall be buried, little finger, under the tap."

LITTLE FINGER:
"Why, Thummy, Thummy! Why, Thummy,
Thummy? Why, Thummy, Thummy—Why?"

THUMB:
"That you may drink, little finger, when you are
dry."

But this ditty did not bring out the snake. I remarked this to the old man, who replied:

"He hasn't made his toilet yet—hasn't rubbed his scales up, sir; but he'll be here presently. You will see. Keep your eye on that hole, sir. I am now going to give him a livelier tune, which is a great favorite of his." And forthwith he struck up an old song, beginning—

"'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum."

Out came the snake before the song was half over! Before it was concluded he had crawled slowly and (if I dare use such a word) rather majestically, to within a few paces of the spot where the old man was standing.

"Good morning to you, sir," said the old man to the snake, "I am happy to see you in your new suit of clothes. I have picked up your old suit, and I have got it in my pocket, and a very nice pair of slippers my old wife will make out of it. The last pair that she made out of your rejected apparel, were given as a present to Colonel Cureton, who, like myself, very much resembled the great General Blücher in personal appearance. Who will get the pair of which I have now the makings, Heaven only knows. Perhaps old Brigadier White, who has also a Blücher cut about him. What song would you like next? Kathleen Mavourneen? Yes, I know that is a pet song of yours; and you shall have it."

The old man sung the melody with a tenderness and feeling which quite charmed me as well as the snake, who coiled himself up and remained perfectly still. Little reason as I had to doubt the truth of any of the old man's statements, I certainly should have been sceptical as to the story of the snake, if I had not witnessed the scene I have attempted to describe.

"Well, sir," said the old man, coming up to me, after he had made a salaam to the snake and left him, "it is almost breakfast time, and I will, with your permission, bid you good morning."

THE WIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.—We have been accustomed to sympathize with the wife of Arnold, in the distress which Hamilton's account represents her as having suffered on being apprised of her husband's treason and flight, but if the following is true, our sympathies have been wasted. According to Parton's Life of Burr:—

He was sitting one evening with Mrs. Prevost, when the approach of a party of horse was heard, and soon after a lady, veiled and attired in a riding habit, burst into the room, and hurrying towards Mrs. Prevost, was on the point of addressing her. Seeing a gentleman present whom in the dim light of the apartment she did not recognize, she paused, and asked in an anxious tone—

"Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?"

"Oh, yes," was Mrs. Prevost's reply, "he is my most particular friend, Col. Burr."

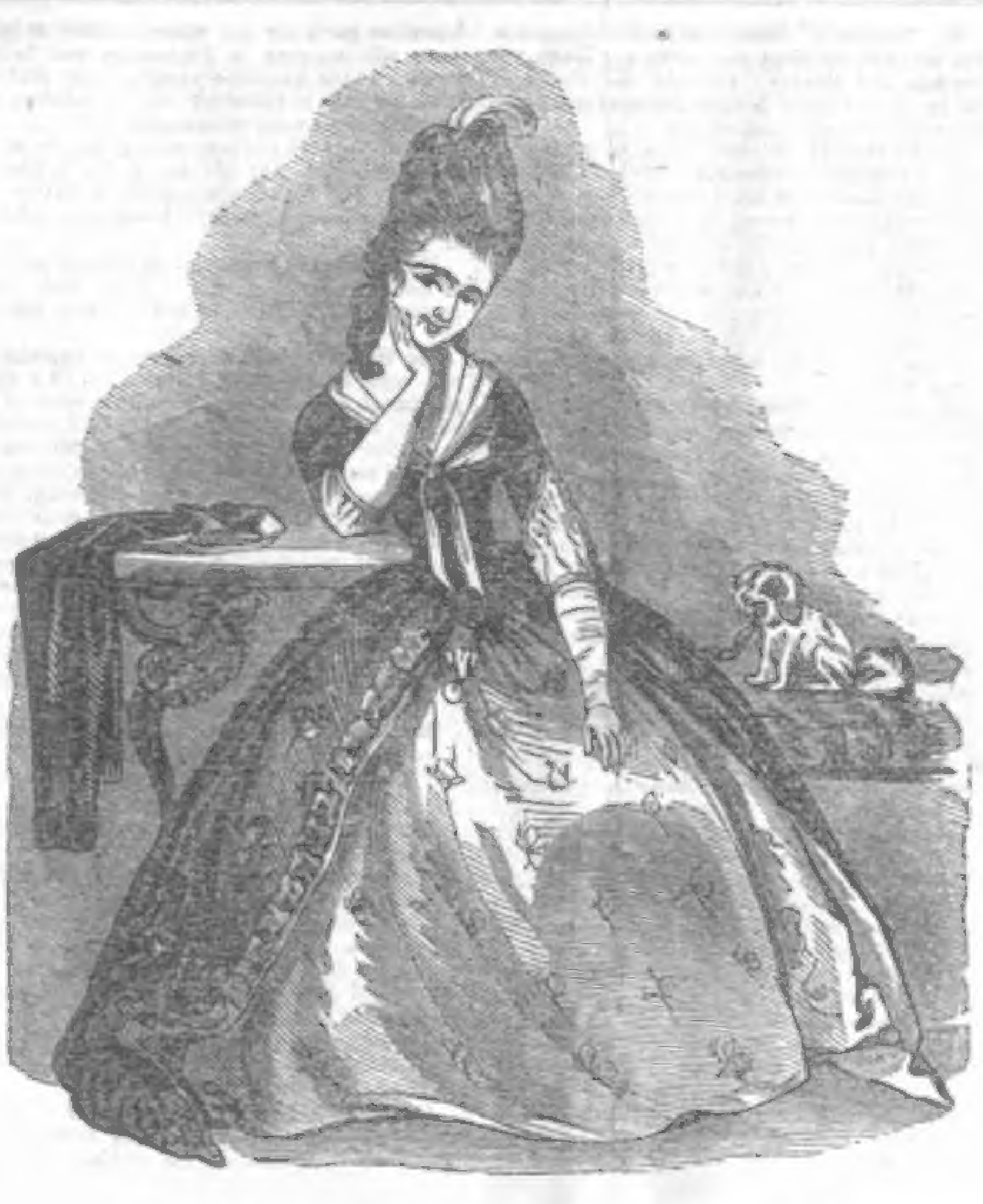
"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, for she it was, "I've been playing the hypocrite, and I'm tired of it."

She then gave an account of the way she had deceived Washington, Hamilton and the other American officers, who, she said, believed her innocent of treason, and had given her an escort of horse from West Point. She made no scruple of confessing the part she had borne in the negotiation with the British General, and declared it was she who had induced her husband to do what he had done. She passed the night at Paramus, taking care to resume her acting of the outraged and frantic woman whenever strangers were present. Col Burr's relations with the Shippen family, of which Mrs. Arnold was a member, had been of the most intimate character from childhood. They had been his father's friends, and the orphan boy had been taken from his mother's grave to their home in Philadelphia. He stood toward this fascinating, false-hearted woman almost in the light of a younger brother, and he kept her secret until she was past being harmed by the telling of it.

WEATHERCOCKS.—The vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early origin. Vitruvius calls it *triton*, probably from its having the form of a triton. The usual form on towers, castles, and secular buildings, was that of a banner: but on the ecclesiastical edifices, it generally was a weathercock. There was a symbolical reason for the adoption of the figure of a cock. The cross surmounted a ball, to symbolize the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ; and the cock was placed upon the cross in allusion to the repentance of St. Peter, and to remind us of the important duties of repentance and Christian vigilance. Apart from symbolism, the large tail of the cock was well adapted to turn with the wind, and for a similar reason the arrow and the fox might be chosen; though the hare and the greyhound are less favorable. On the church of St. Laurence, in Norwich, the vane is formed like a gridiron, with the holy martyr extended upon the bars.—*Notes and Queries.*

A QUAINT IDEA.—Jeremy Taylor, speaking of the widow of a blacksmith, who was constantly laboring to procure the necessaries of life, thus beautifully but *quaintly* portrays her character:—

"Thus she lived, poor, patient and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was the place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed that when she at length reached it she would work no more, but sit in a clean white apron and sing psalms."



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

BELLES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Who has not heard of Georgiana Spencer, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Spencer's eldest daughter, the gayest of the gay—the loveliest where all were lovely? Yet how little is now known about her. No "Diary," like that left by the entertaining Pepys, has yet been published to perpetuate her influence, and preserve her sayings and her doings; and the lively Walpole, when the lovely duchess was in the full blossom of her popularity, had become tired of describing the little events and traits of fashionable existence,—

"Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last."—

Of this beautiful duchess, it is told that she interested herself so much in the return to Parliament of Mr. Fox, for the city of Westminster, at a very severely contested election, that she went about from square to street, and from lane to alley, to solicit the votes of electors for that illustrious statesman. Her winning manners won many votes, while her lively address, and the charming novelty of so fair a canvasser, turned the full tide of the election in favor of Mr. Fox. It is confidently told, that a young and good looking butcher in Clare market declined to accede to the duchess's request without a bribe—he did not want money, he said, but he wanted something else. "Well, name your want," said the lovely Duchess of Devonshire. "Why," replied the butcher with a blush, "a kiss would carry the day." "If that's all," said the duchess—the butcher kissed her, gave a plumper for Mr. Fox, and *dragged* all Clare market at his heels.

The duchess sat to Reynolds and to Gainsborough. The portrait of Reynolds is well known, but Gainsborough gave up her likeness in despair. She was then in the full bloom of her youth, and her charms and conversation took away that readiness of hand and happiness of touch which belonged to the painter in his ordinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth, which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely, he said, "Her grace is too hard for me!" and this is the mouth which the butcher kissed! The picture was, we believe, destroyed. Garrick perplexed the pencil of Gainsborough in a different way. That versatile actor assumed fifty different characters in five minutes. But Garrick created a difficulty by contortion and skill, while the duchess brought nature, in the shape of a mouth which no epithet can compliment sufficiently, to defy art in her own stronghold.

Quitting Italy in August, 1793, the Duchess of Devonshire passed into Switzerland over Mount St. Gothard. The scenery she saw gave rise to a poem, written in heroics, with alternate rhymes, descriptive of the surrounding grandeur of Mount St. Gothard, and the feelings awakened by so sublime a region.

"No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the flow'ret breathes uncultur'd sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

"His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows."

The verse that follows is the best in the poem:

"But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain—
The flock returning to its welcome home,
And the wild carol of the cowherd's train."

"The Passage of Mount St. Gothard" was published in her grace's lifetime, with a translation into French, printed page for page with the original. This translation is believed to be by the duchess as well.

This fascinating lady was born on the 9th of June, 1757; was married on the 6th of June, 1774; and died at Devonshire House on the 30th of April, 1806, of an abscess on the liver, first perceived about three months before she died. Her only son, the present Duke of Devonshire, who inherits a love of poetry from his mother, was born at Paris in 1790. When the Prince of Wales was informed of her death, he said, with perfect justice, "Then we have lost the most amiable and best bred woman in England."

HUMBOLDT ON "SYMMES' HOLE."—It has been computed at what depths liquid and even gaseous substances, from the pressure of their own superimposed strata, would attain a density exceeding that of platinum, or of iridium; and in order to bring the actual degree of ellipticity, which was known within very narrow limits, into harmony with the hypothesis of the infinite compressibility of matter, Leslie conceived the interior of the earth to be a hollow sphere, filled with "an imponderable fluid of enormous expansive force." Such rash and arbitrary conjectures have given rise, in wholly unscientific circles, to still more fantastic notions. The hollow sphere has been peopled with plants and animals, on which two small subterranean planets, Pluto and Proserpine, were supposed to shed a mild light. A constantly uniform temperature is supposed to prevail in these inner regions, and the air being rendered self-luminous by compression, might well render the planets of this lower world unnecessary. Near the North Pole, in 82 deg. of latitude, an enormous opening is imagined, from which the polar light visible in Aurora streams forth, and by which a descent into the hollow sphere may be made. Sir Humphrey Davy and myself were repeatedly and publicly invited by Captain Symmes to undertake this subterranean expedition; so powerful is the morbid inclination of men to fill unseen spaces with shapes of wonder, regardless of the counter-evidence of well-established facts, or universally recognized natural laws. Even the celebrated Halley, at the end of the 17th century, hollowed out the earth in his magnetic speculations: a freely rotating subterranean nucleus was supposed to occasion, by its varying positions, the diurnal and annual changes of the magnetic declination. It has been attempted, in our own day, in tedious earnest, to invest with a scientific garb that which, in the pages of the ingenious Holberg, was an amusing fiction.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

LYING.—In the Massachusetts Teacher for February there is an excellent article on lying, and one of the remarks is worthy of general circulation: "*When a lie has been told, find out its motive and treat the child accordingly.* The real merit of a deed lies neither in its appearance nor in its subsequent consequences, but only in its motives. To read these in the hearts of the pupils is one of the highest duties of all those who have to deal with children; and to purify these is to elevate their moral standard most effectually. The various motives which induce children to lie may be brought in three groups—indiscretion, fear, and desire."

A MIRACLE.—The mention of alms-giving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father Bridaine rose according to custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked an alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened into the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches: he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VANITY.—In her own Court, Queen Elizabeth was not satisfied to preside. She could as ill endure a competitor in celebrity of charms as in power. She arrogated to herself all the incense around her; and, in point of adulation, she was like the daughter of the horse-leech, whose cry was—"Give! give!" Her insatiate vanity would have been ludicrous, if it had not produced such atrocious consequences. This was the predominant weakness of her character, which neutralized her talents, and was pampered, till in its excess it became a madness and a vice. This precipitated the fate of her lovely rival, Mary Queen of Scots. This elevated the profligate Leicester to the pinnacle of favor, and kept him there, sullied as he was by every baseness and every crime: this harried Essex to the block: banished Southampton, and sent Raleigh and Elizabeth Throckmorton to the Tower. Did one of her attendants more beautiful than the rest, attract the notice or homage of any of the gay cavaliers around her—was an attachment whispered, a marriage projected—it was enough to throw the whole Court into consternation. "Her Majesty, the Queen, was in a passion:" and then—Heaven help the offenders! It was the spirit of Harry VIII let loose again.—*Jennings.*

FERNANDO CORTEZ.

It may not be out of place to remind the reader what kind of man Cortez was at the time of the conquest of Mexico. One who knew him well, and whose descriptions of men are often as minute as if he was noting animals for sale, thus depicts Cortez. "He was of good make and stature, well-proportioned and stalwart. The color of his face inclined to pallor, and his countenance was not very joyful. If his face had been longer, it would have been handsomer. His eyes, when he looked at you, had an amiable expression; otherwise, a haughty one. His beard was dark and thin, and so was his hair. His chest was deep, and his shoulders finely formed. He was slender, with very little stomach; somewhat bow-legged, with well-turned thighs and ankles. He was a good horseman, and dexterous in the use of all arms, as well on foot as on horseback; and above all he had heart and soul, which are what is most to the purpose." The same author dwells on the wonderful patience of Cortez. When very angry, there was a vein which swelled in his forehead, and another in his throat; but, however enraged, his words were always mild and decorous. He might indulge with his friends in such an expression as "Plague upon you," but to the common soldiers, even when they said the rudest things to him, he merely replied, "Be silent, or go in God's name, and from henceforward have more care in what you say, or it will cost you dear, and I shall have to chastise you." It appears that, in extreme cases of anger, he had a curious habit of throwing off his cloak; but even then he always kept himself from coarse and violent language—a wise practice; for a furious gesture is readily forgiven (it is a mere sign of the passion of the speaker;) not so a single hasty word, which may kindle all the fires of vanity in the person spoken to. In his mode of argument the same composure was visible, and he was a master in the arts of persuasive rhetoric.

He was remarkably clean and neat in his person, not delighting much in fine silks or velvets, or gorgeous ornaments. One chain only, of exquisite workmanship, he wore, with an image of the Virgin depending from it, and one diamond ring. He was very fond of games of chance, but good or ill fortune in them never disturbed his equanimity, though it gave him opportunity for witty sayings. He was very firm in his resolves. To those who have read the history of Mexico up to this time, it is scarcely necessary to mention this fact. But as no human virtue is without its corresponding drawback, it appears probable, from some words his chaplain lets fall, that Cortez occasionally carried his military resolve into civil life, and stood more upon his rights in legal matters than was always wise or prudent. He was not what may be called a profuse man, and was occasionally even parsimonious, though immensely liberal as a lover or a friend, or when he thought to carry a purpose in war, or when he wished to gratify any particular fancy.

His present grandeur of estate sat upon him with the easiness of a well-fitting robe that had long been worn, and he presented in no way the appearance of a new made man. He seemed rather to have come to some high fortune which had been awaiting him from his birth. Any one, however, who has seen the singular dignity and grace of bearing which a Spanish peasant of the present day will manifest, even under difficult circumstances, can easily imagine that a descendant of a good family, with Pizarros and Altamiranos for immediate ancestors, would be very little disconcerted at being suddenly called to sit in the seat of judgment, to dispense rewards among obedient followers, and to sway an obsequious people, accustomed to be ruled by monarchs of a like imperious dignity and composure.

It is probable that Cortez, partially at least, fulfilled the requisites of that character, one of the rarest to be met with, and very much wanted at that time in the Indies—an admirable man of business. Rare, almost as great poets, are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, must not only be voraciously gifted, but his gifts should be nicely proportioned to one another. He must have in a high degree that virtue which men have always found the least pleasant of virtues—prudence—His prudence, however, will not be merely of a cautious and quiescent order, but that which, being ever actively engaged, is more fitly called discretion than prudence. Such a man must have an almost ignominious love of details, blended (and this is a rare combination) with a high power of imagination, enabling him to look along extended lines of possible action, and put these details in their right places. He requires a great knowledge of character, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be an enthusiast who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm.—*Helps' Spanish Conquest.*

A MODEL PRIME MINISTER.—It is related of the Duke of Newcastle, who was Secretary of State for the Southern province (including the American colonies) during the French and Indian war, that he was profoundly ignorant of geography. Indeed, he was a regular ignoramus. When one of his Secretaries hinted the necessity of some defence for Annapolis, he replied with his evasive, lisping hum—"Annapolis, Annapolis! Oh, yes, Annapolis must be defended; where is Annapolis?" On another occasion at the beginning of the war, he was thrown into a great fright by the story that 30,000 French had marched from Acadia to Cape Breton. Where did they find their transports?" was asked. "Transports!" cried he, "I tell you they marched by land." "By land to the island of Cape Breton!" "What! is Cape Breton an island? Are you sure of that? Egad, I'll go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

THE POPULAR NOTION OF AN AUTHOR.—The English papers have a new anecdote of Macaulay. A Yorkshireman, on a railway platform, had Baron Macaulay pointed out to his notice, and upon its being explained to him that the Baron was an author, who was formerly known as Mr. Macaulay, he thus gives vent to his astonishment: "That's Moaster Macawly, the owther, is it now? Wo'el I alwa's thowt they look'd pael and seedy loike, and ow't a't elbow, ye noo; but that chap's gout a hat, and he's so we'el dress'd, too—dang it, I shud neer a ta'en him for an owther!"

THE BRITISH OFFICERS IN INDIA.

The good points of a soldier's character are only brought out by war, and all his faults are exaggerated during peace. Idleness brings on vices: he becomes effeminate, overbearing, and is shunned by the cautious citizen. But if war comes, the same man seems to change his nature. The dandy, who must have boots as easy as a lady's slipper, now discovers that he can march for miles without a sole to his shoe, live hardly, bear hunger and thirst, show constancy, and display some of the highest qualities of our nature.

Captain Dawdleton was an instance of what I mean. In barracks he was roused out of a luxurious bed by his servant, and then sat while he was shaved, had his hair brushed, his boots pulled on, stock fastened, and waistcoat buttoned, all without the slightest exertion on his own part. Then, as if by a desperate effort of exhausted nature, he would pull on his gloves languidly lisping, as he fell back in his easy-chair, with half-shut eyes, as if his system were giving way under his efforts, "it was *doothed* hard on a poor fellow, in such a climate, that they could not invent gloves to go on of themselves." And with his lips apart, as from fatigue, just enough to show his exquisite teeth, he lolled till his charger was brought to the verandah, to enable him to proceed to parade. There, by some secret of nature, his system was miraculously restored, and his riding was the envy of his regiment. But no sooner was the duty over, and he had dismounted, than such a decay of strength succeeded, that he could only reach the sofa by the aid of a Hindoo servant, who stood ready to receive him as his foot left the stirrup. Then flinging himself down with a sigh of relief that "the wretched bore" was over, a hookah was inserted between his lips by an attendant, and, in a dreamy state of contentment, he passively allowed his boots and gloves, with the et ceteras, to be drawn off, and lay thus till mess-hour. At mess he would hint, in an off-hand lisp, of intrigues among the harem of some Nawab or Rajah, declaring the Indies *doothed* witty, considering the confounded climate, which took every bit of spirit from one, "and handsome besides, you know," he used to add, with a look and innocent little laugh that sent all the ensigns and lieutenants into a despair of ever equalling the easy conquests of that confoundedly idle fellow, Dawdleton. This was his garrison life. But in war, to the surprise of every one, he was the most active and hard-living of any. He declared baggage a nuisance, and that the kit of a light dragoon was quite enough for any man who was not a milksop. So he set the example in his own person. Work, by night or day, seemed to have no effect on him, except to raise his spirits to a state of boisterous enjoyment. His usual bed was the ground, where he lay under his horse, wrapped in his cloak, with the saddle for a pillow. All his peace habits were gone, except excessive smoking, but he enjoyed it now sitting by the camp-fire, and amusing his brethren with a succession of rough jokes, at which it was impossible for the most tired man not to laugh.

If any job wanted desperate daring, watchfulness, and a quick eye to see the right time for a dash, Dawdleton was the man chosen. Indeed, he was often a week together without more than one hour's sleep out of every twenty-four.—These new-formed qualities recommended him for promotion, and he was given by Lord Hastings—who had shortly before introduced them into our service—the command of a regiment of irregular cavalry. His first act was to cultivate a magnificent beard, wear a turban, and arm himself with Persian pistols and a scimitar. He was the idol of his men, who swore by his beard, and were, if he had wished it, ready to ride over a mine the train of which was burning. However, there was not much to wonder at in this, when we reflect that, although not by birth or descent, yet by temperament, he was a true Asiatic, who, when there is nothing important to do, or the passions are unexcited, seems, as your desultory Frenchman or bustling Englishman, capable of nothing but to lounge, smoking, or at the most, show some little interest in women. But, should the same man happen to be appointed to the government of a province a thousand miles distant, he will mount without a moment's preparation, and ride night and day until he has reached his destination, never quitting the saddle for more than an hour at a time during the whole distance. In short, Captain Dawdleton was just the man to verify Wellington's assertion, that a feather-bed dandy makes the best officer. Those, on the other hand, who had been all strut in peace, and seemed to think the duty of a thorough soldier consisted in swearing at every third word, bullying his men, and kicking the natives, for the most part turned out badly. It was a common trick for this set to sham sickness on the approach of any dangerous service. When this had happened two or three times, a change of air and a cessation from active employments for a while were recommended by the surgeon, on which they were sent to the barracks and their commands given to better men. Indeed, it was understood by the authorities what was the nature of these gentlemen's disease, and the only regret on their departure from the camp was, that they could not at once be dismissed from the service. Yet, what is most astonishing, some of this class have risen to high ranks! More than one general could be named whose only piece of service known to the army was putting a *damper* (as the soldiers idiomatically expressed it) on the ardor of the poor fellows who were unfortunate enough to be under their command.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

STICKING TO THE TEXT.—Selden, in his amusing Table Talk, has the following story in illustration of his remark that preachers will sometimes bring anything into the text:—"The young masters of arts preached against non-residency in the University; whereupon the heads made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, 'Abraham begat Isaac.' When he had gone a good way, at last he observed, that Abraham was resident; for, if he had been non-resident, he could not have begat Isaac; and so fell foul upon the non-residents."

This, says the Christian Intelligencer, is something like the anecdote of the minister who was almost possessed on the subject of the prelatical controversy, and could never refrain from introducing his opinion on it, no matter what the subject in hand. Once he was set to discourse upon the first verse in the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." His first remark was, "Yes, my brethren; but it does not say that God created bishops."

CONGRESSIONAL.

INDIANA ELECTION CASE—PROPOSED PROTECTORATE OVER MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA—THE ARMY BILL—THE BALTIMORE ELECTION—KANSAS, &C., &C.

SENATE.

On the 15th, Mr. Seward, of New York, presented the memorial of the New York Commissioners of Emigration, complaining of the outrageous abuses committed by the officers and crews of emigrant ships upon female passengers. He gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill in relation to the subject.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, submitted a resolution calling on the President for the instructions given to Mr. Meade, Minister to Brazil, previous to his departure.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, presented the resolution of the Texas Legislature, praying for an investigation into the charges against Judge Watrous during the present session.

On motion of Mr. Gwin, of California, a resolution was adopted instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency, and to report a bill, increasing the facilities for refining gold for coinage in the San Francisco Mint.

On motion of Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, the Indiana contested election case was taken up.—Mr. Hamlin urged the importance of immediate action. He thought it was remarkable that, after the Committee on Elections had reported resolutions directing the taking of testimony, the Senate should repeatedly refuse to consider the resolution. He read Mr. Mason's remarks in relation to the admission of Minnesota, and Mr. Bayard's argument on the admission of Kansas, to show the importance of deciding the question before considering the admission of new States.

Mr. Benjamin, of La., argued in favor of the committee's resolution.

Mr. Collamer, of Vt., contended that the testimony sought was not material, and ought not to be admitted.

Mr. Toombs, of Ga., advocated the resolution directing the taking of testimony.

Messrs. Simmons, of R. I., and Trumbull, of Ill., opposed the resolution.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, suggested that the resolution should limit the time for taking testimony.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., moved the postponement of the subject till to-morrow, which prevailed, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 16th, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, submitted a resolution instructing the Post-Office Committee to inquire whether the transmission of the mail between Washington and Boston cannot be expedited, so as to prevent a detention of twelve hours in New York—Adopted.

Mr. Thomson, of New Jersey, presented a bill to establish a port of entry at Tom's river, New Jersey.

Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, submitted bills making appropriations for deepening the channels of St Mary's river and the St. Clair Flats, Michigan. Referred.

Mr. Mason, of Va., called for the joint resolution providing for the reception of the Turkish Vice Admiral.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, objected to the expenditure of money for such a purpose, as there was no limit to the amount and no benefit could accrue from it.

Mr. Mason replied, instancing the case of the restoration of the Arctic ship Resolute as doing much towards encouraging our friendly relations with Great Britain.

Mr. Clay referred to the previous expenditure for the reception of a Turkish impostor, and the amount expended for wines and cigars during the Kossuth reception. He thought we ought to be warned against such expenditure by past experience.

Mr. Seward, of New York, corrected the erroneous impression that Amin Bey was an impostor. He said that acts of kindness and courtesy, although not compensated by money, never go unrewarded.

Messrs. Hunter, of Va., and Biggs, of N. C., opposed the resolution.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, thought that the gentlemen who succeeded in obtaining the contracts for the ships to be built, ought to pay the expenses for entertaining this officer. We don't allow our officials abroad to take bribes, and why should we offer them to others? He should vote against the resolution.

Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., endorsed every word uttered by Mr. Pugh.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, advocated the resolution.

Mr. Biggs offered an amendment, limiting the amount to $5,000. Rejected.

The resolution was finally passed.

The Indiana contested seats were taken up for consideration.

Mr. Trumbull's, of Illinois, amendment to decide the question immediately, was rejected—Yeas 16, nays 28.

An amendment was then adopted, that all the testimony in the matter be returned to the Senate within ninety days, and the resolution was then passed.

The Senate resumed the debate on the Army Bill, and considered the amendment offered by Mr. Wilson, providing for the employment of volunteers.

The question pending being Mr. Wilson's amendment, the Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, presented the resolutions adopted by the Michigan Legislature, in opposition to the admission of any more Slave States, and against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Houston's, of Texas, preamble and resolution, presented yesterday, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of the government establishing a protectorate over Central America and Mexico, were called up.

The series read as follows:

Whereas, The events connected with the numerous efforts of the people of Mexico and the Central American States of this continent to establish and maintain order and good government, since their separation from the mother country, have so far resulted in failure and consequent anarchy, and demonstrated to the world the inability of said people to effect an object alike so desirable and so indispensable to their welfare and prosperity, Therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into and report to the Senate upon the expediency of the government of the United States declaring and maintaining an efficient protectorate over the States of Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, in such form and to such an extent as shall be necessary to secure to the people of said States the blessings of good and stable republican government.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, thought this extraordinary proposition was calculated to foster a spirit of filibusterism, and disgrace us in the eyes of the civilized world.

Mr. Houston denied that it was a proposition to extend our dominions, but simply to benefit our neighbors. He was opposed to filibusterism, but thought the subject worthy of consideration, especially as other parties have designs on Central America.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, objected to the interference because the Central American States would very justly regard such a reference as an indignity. Although weak, they were sovereign States, with whom we have treaties, and therefore should be regarded as political equals. He doubted the policy of establishing a protectorate any where.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, submitted an amendment, that whereas a State colonial dependence is not calculated to illustrate the theory or practice of popular sovereignty and perfect freedom, therefore the committee be instructed to inquire with regard to Canada and the other British possessions on the American continent.

Mr. Toombs advocated Mr. Houston's resolution. He said the time for action was not far distant, and it had better be considered now.

Mr. Mason moved to lay the resolution on the table. Agreed to.

The consideration of the Army Bill was resumed.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., submitted a substitute, which Mr. Wilson, of Mass., accepted instead of his own, providing for 4 000 volunteers, to serve only during the present troubles. Mr. Johnson said he offered this amendment because he believed it reflected the views of the Administration. The bill reported by the Military Committee did not represent the wishes of the Administration, which had not asked for a permanent increase of the standing army. He urged the importance of a reduction of the government expenditures. Congress holds the purse strings, and the dominant party are responsible for the expenditures. He referred to the polygamy in Utah; but there was more practical polygamy in New York City than in Salt Lake, the only difference being that it was tolerated in the latter by religious belief, but existed in the former in violation of the law and moral sense of the community.

Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, moved to strike out the fourth section of the original bill which proposes to change the method of promotion.

Messrs. Seward and Wilson favored, and Pugh and Iverson opposed the motion. Pending the discussion, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Green, of Missouri, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill for the admission of Kansas, submitting a long report, which was not read.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, and Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, also submitted minority reports, which were severally ordered to be printed.

Mr. Green gave notice that he should call up the matter at an early day.

The consideration of the Army Bill was then resumed. The fourth section of the original bill was struck out—yeas, 24, nays 23.

Mr. Wilson's, of Massachusetts, amendment, that the reduction at the end of two years shall not operate on any officer in commission at the date of the approval of the Act, was adopted.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, contended that the bill reported by the Military Committee was more in accordance with the views of the Administration than that of Mr. Johnson. He said that volunteers were always more expensive and less reliable than regulars, and he instanced the company of Tennessee volunteers at Cerro Gordo, that ran at the first shot. The argument of the Senator from Tennessee seemed to defend polygamy. If the Tennessee volunteers entertained similar opinions, they would be the last men to send to Utah. Instead of whipping the Mormons they would be more likely to join them, especially if Brigham Young gave them half a dozen wives a piece.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, moved that in no case shall the force created by this Act be continued in service over two years. Agreed to.

A desultory discussion ensued on the comparative merits of the different substitutes. The Senate was but thinly attended.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, said that he did not justify polygamy, but merely drew a comparison, showing the inconsistency of entertaining the agent of the Turkish Government, which legalized polygamy, and at the same time condemning the polygamy of Utah. He also defended the Tennessee volunteers.

Mr. Seward, of New York, explained the views he expressed in relation to the bill, which had been criticised.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, said that, if the volunteers were sent to Utah, war would certainly follow. Brigham Young will not fight unless forced to do so. Adjourned.

On the 19th, the private calendar was taken up. The Army Bill coming up for consideration, Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, said that, as Mr. Davis, of Miss., wished to reply to some remarks made by other Senators, before a vote was taken, he moved its postponement. His motion being agreed to, the Senate adjourned over till Tuesday, Monday being the anniversary of Washington's birth-day.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 15th, Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, asked, but the House refused, to suspend the rules to enable him to introduce a resolution confining *the debates in Committee of the Whole strictly* to the subjects pending, and setting apart three evenings of the week for general discussion.

The resolution of the Committee of Ways and Means, appropriating $35,000 to meet the expenses of the various investigating committees, was adopted.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a bill requesting the President to negotiate for the purchase of the British North American provinces and Cuba, the people of said provinces to "regulate their own institutions in their own way."

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, suggested the additions of the words, 'and the rest of mankind.'"

The House refused to suspend the rules, only ten voting in the affirmative.

Mr. Wolcott (the alleged contumacious witness) appeared before the bar of the House with a written statement disclaiming any intention to contemn the authority of the House, but denying the right of the Committee of Investigation to require answers to questions not within the scope of its duties, namely, the investigation of charges against members of the last House, in connection with the tariff bill. He has been legally advised not to answer questions criminating himself, unless an opportunity is granted him to be heard in his defence. He defended his position at great length.

Mr. Burroughs, of New York, interrupted the reading, saying he had heard enough.

Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, asked whether the opinion was signed by Reverdy Johnson?

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, offered a resolution declaring that Mr. Wolcott had failed to answer satisfactorily, and ordering his committal to jail, to be kept in close custody until he was willing to answer all proper and legal questions. Mr. Stanton said the power to inquire necessarily implied the power to compel witnesses to produce all essential evidence. The House had, by common law, the right to punish witnesses for contempt. It was proved that $58,000 came into the hands of Mr. Wolcott, perhaps innocently, but subsequently might have been applied to corrupt purposes. The committee have the right to know what became of this money.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, ineffectually moved to lay on the table the whole subject.

The resolution finally passed under the operation of the previous question—yeas 133, nays 55.

On motion of Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, the Committee on Foreign Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of abrogating the so-called Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain. Adjourned.

[CORRECTION.—In the report of the Senate proceedings of Thursday last, it was stated that Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, made some strong points against the resolution providing for the payment for the printing of the Dred Scott decision. The statement was incorrect. He objected to the copyright clause only.—*Reporters.*]

On the 16th, Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, called up the contested election case of Mr. Brooks, contesting the seat of H. Winter Davis, of Maryland, on the ground that the election was carried by fraud and violence. Mr. Boyce argued against the prayer of Mr. Brooks, who asks exemption from the operation of the law of 1857, and that the Committee on Elections proceed to take testimony.

The question was further debated by Messrs. Phillips, of Penna., Maynard, of Tenn., Wilson, of Indiana, Hatch, of New York, Bowie, of Maryland, and Washburne, of Maine. Without coming to any action in the matter, the House adjourned.

On the 17th, the House passed the resolution in relation to the Maryland contested election case, declaring it inexpedient to grant the prayer of Mr. Brooks, the contestant, for a special committee to take testimony.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Atkins, of Tenn., delivered a speech favoring the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, argued that the conflict was not between the north and south, but freedom and slavery. He said the President and the Jesuit Chief Justice are endeavoring to naturalize slavery. Adjourned.

On the 18th, H. Winter Davis, of Maryland, made a personal explanation. He read extracts from the speech of his colleague, Mr. Bowie, which contained strong language against the American party for their conduct, during the Baltimore election, saying (while looking towards Mr. Davis.) "You, sir, will have a day of reckoning. I will put you under my foot—you shall not live an hour," &c. Mr. Davis wished to know whether his colleague applied that language to him?

Mr. Bowie, of Maryland, replied that when he thus spoke, he personified the American party, and did not mean to apply them personally to Mr. Davis, but to the whole party, which struck down the Democracy of Baltimore by force and bloodshed. He repeated that a day of reckoning would certainly come, when there would be a war of the people against such wrongs. He did not say how far Mr. Davis counselled such wrongs; but if he did, he should take the responsibility. He had not any personal unkindness towards his colleague, and felt grieved to think that he had wounded his feelings. He would tell the House and the nation that he believed in his inmost soul that such Know Nothingism would lead to bloodshed and to revolution, and he would counsel those trampled upon to resistance.

Mr. Davis replied that, as to the opinions of his colleague touching the American party, the House was not the appropriate place for their discussion. He rose merely to inquire whether the language applied personally to himself. His colleague's response was satisfactory.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Shorter, of Alabama, spoke on the Kansas question. He said that all the southern States were now united on the Georgia platform, and pledged to resist even to the dissolution of the Union the refusal of Congress to admit Kansas because of the existence of slavery there. He cared not whether this was a constitutional or a revolutionary right. The South was prepared to defend it. He contended that the Lecompton Constitution was legally adopted, it was republican in form, and Congress has not the power to remand Kansas to her territorial condition, she being an independent sovereign State by the consent of Congress.

Mr. Shorter expressed surprise that Senator Douglas had abandoned the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, fleeing before the firing of the first gun, and, like the Parthian, throwing his poisoned arrows behind him. He did not want the votes of Mr. Douglas, and his followers, and if they did not reflect the northern opinion, the sooner the South knew it the better. He contended that it was never intended to make Kansas a slave State. The five Governors sent to Kansas were all free-soilers, including the traitor, Robert J. Walker. It had been said that the admission of Kansas would light the flames of civil war. If so, let it come—let the fires rise even Heaven high. But he thought the refusal to admit her would rather engender civil war. Referring the question back to the people, would, inevitably, invite this result. The South cannot remain in the Union if placed on an inequality with the North. In such circumstances the southerners would not be a brave, gallant people, but mere captives, chained to the victorious car of the North. He would rather be a vassal of *Old* than *New* England. The very word "compromise" was offensive to him. He would make it a penal offence for a Southron to use it. It was suggestive to his mind of surrender and base submission. It sounded, in the language of McDuffie, "like the bugle blast of a robber band." Mr. Shorter continued in a similar strain, closing as follows: "The religion of Plymouth Rock is intolerance, bigotry, and fanaticism. Northern clergymen violated the seventh commandment after their evening lectures, and when their crimes were exposed they were courted and feted by the fair sex."

Mr. Zollikoffer, of Tennessee, rose to a personal explanation in reference to Mr. Hatch's speech *of yesterday. He said that Mr. Hatch had seen proper to indulge in personal remarks* prejudicial to him and other members. He had also read certain obligations purporting to belong to the American party. Mr. Zollicoffer said he was a member of that party, and those obligations differed both in letter and spirit from those he took in Tennessee. Mr. Hatch had denounced the obligations as treasonable and unconstitutional. In doing so, he had uttered a falsehood, with which he now branded him, and took the responsibility. [Mr. Hatch was not present in the House.]

Mr. Tompkins, of Ohio, made a speech in opposition to the Lecompton Constitution. He would not inquire whether it met the sanction of the people. The time was when he would have felt satisfied in voting for the admission of a slave State south of latitude 36 30, but that was before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. That repeal removed all the national obligations, leaving him free to vote as his conscience dictated.

Mr. Clemens, of Va., argued in favor of the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, contending that it was not necessary to submit it to the approval of the people. He said the President had performed his duty fearlessly and manfully.

Mr. Burroughs, of N. Y., then obtained the floor, and on his motion the House adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Hoard, of New York, rose to a privileged question, and sent up to the Clerk, to be read, a letter from Mr. Burns, of Ohio, to the following effect:

"You took occasion, on Friday, to read from the New York Tribune a false, foul slander against me, the tenor of which you know. The charges set forth, if true, would disqualify me from holding a seat in the House. You repeated the slander without provocation. I pronounce the paragraph a slander of the foulest kind. If you suppose me guilty of the crime, I ask you to examine into its truth or falsehood. If innocent, you should set me right."

Mr. Hoard desired to respond to the latter, but objections were made. He insisted that he had a right to be heard, on the ground that Mr. Burns's letter was threatening and calculated to intimidate.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, called Mr. Hoard to order, saying that he would explain the letter.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, wanted to know whether the friends of Mr. Burns would insist upon replying.

Objections were made.

Mr. Hoard made another ineffectual attempt at explanation.

On motion, it was resolved that when the House adjourn, it be till Tuesday next.

The private calendar was then taken up.

Mr. Hatch, of New York, rose to a personal explanation. He said that, during his absence from the House yesterday, Mr. Zollikoffer made a personal allusion to him. He had a right, as a member of the House, to discuss any matter of public interest, and no power on earth could deter him from the faithful and fearless discharge of the duty. The other day he spoke of a certain party and the oaths taken by its members, which could only be known to the members of that party. He did not propose to discuss the question of veracity with any member of the House, as to the existence of these oaths, or their treasonableness or unconstitutionality. He sought to bring before the House credible authority for their existence, viz.: a journal of New York. He did not vouch for the genuineness of these oaths. The gentleman branded this allegation as false. If Mr. Zollikoffer were right, then he was at issue with the authority. When I make a personal issue with any gentleman either in or outside of this House, I am responsible, but I cannot be diverted from meeting a question involving the constitutional rights of my fellow citizens by the gentleman giving it a personal local application. Such oaths may not exist in Tennessee. I did not allege that Mr. Zollikoffer or any other gentleman had taken such obligations, but had merely expressed the belief that men taking such oaths acted in direct violation of the Constitution.

Mr. Zollikoffer (Tenn.) said that possibly he misapprehended the spirit actuating Mr. Hatch. The obligations read by the latter as those of the American party are not either in letter or spirit those administered in Tennessee, and being a member of the American party of that State, he felt it his duty to throw off the imputation that the obligations were treasonable.

Mr. Gilmer (N. C.) interposing, said he would have preferred that Mr. Zollikoffer had not replied, as Mr. Hatch acknowledged that he was elected by foreign votes. (Confusion and cries of "order.")

Mr. Zollikoffer resuming, said he did not wish to make any personal issue. If he had misapprehended Mr. Hatch, he had nothing more to say.

Mr. Hoard made another personal explanation, and sent to the chair a paper reciting that a statement had been made by a member of the House, asserting that Mr. Burns had stated to the latter on the subject of his (Mr. Burns') vote on the Kansas Committee resolution, that he was to have certain official patronage at his disposal, and that Mr. Burns, by thus freely avowing his sentiments, afforded ground for the belief that improper influences had been exerted to bias his vote. The paper concludes with a resolution for the appointment of a select committee to inquire whether improper attempts had been made by persons in the Executive department or other persons to influence members of the House by promises of patronage.

Mr. Heard disclaimed any personal unkindness against Mr. Burns, but said that he could not be diverted from his purpose by side issues. Last Friday, he said, in the House, that the Executive Department were endeavoring to influence votes by the bestowal of patronage, and circumstances connected with Mr. Burns justified the charge.

Mr. Burnett (Ky.) objected to the gentleman bringing a personal difficulty into the House under the disguise of a privileged question. Mr. Burns had pronounced the charge false, and was responsible for what he said.

Pending the question, the House adjourned till Tuesday.

CALHOUN'S KANSAS STATEMENT.—General John Calhoun is out in a long letter to the Washington Union, on the subject of recent events in Kansas. He says, in conclusion, that he "opened the Delaware Crossing return and found a majority of the votes for the Democratic party. I concluded, as a matter of course, that the depositions of the judges and clerks were made with a full knowledge of the contents of the returns, then for the first time in my possession. The returns, together with the depositions of the judges and clerks, I sent to my office, at Lecompton, by Mr. Brooks, one of the clerks in the Surveyor-General's office. I am informed in a letter from Mr. Brooks, that he placed them in the hands of General Maclean, the chief clerk in the Surveyor-General's office, on the 27th day of January.

I at once said to my friends, and others who approached me on the subject, that the Democratic party had a majority in the Legislature, and authorized the publication of such a statement. I came to Washington with no particle of doubt on my mind as to the result. On the Saturday night after my arrival in Washington, I called to pay my respects to an old friend, Judge Douglas, and before leaving he placed in my hands a paper he had just received from Kansas. This paper contained what purported to be the depositions of the judges of election of the precinct of Delaware Crossing, and in which the judges deposed that there were but *forty-three* votes polled at that precinct. I could not act, or form my opinion upon a newspaper publication, but I immediately informed my friends that if the statement so made should prove true, it must inevitably control my action. I have received and opened a return from the Delaware Crossing precinct, which gives to the Democratic party a majority of 379 votes, and would thus secure a majority for the Democratic Legislative ticket of Leavenworth county, and a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature under the constitution. If the judges of election at that precinct furnish to me, as I informed Gov. Denver before leaving Kansas, a reliable and sworn statement that but forty-three votes were polled there, I should make myself a party to the fraud *if I declined to be governed by the oaths of the judges. It is a question going to the legality of* the returns. Of that I may judge and determine. I shall do so, and, in my determination, I shall be governed by justice and truth and the right. If it shall, as it probably will, place the government of the State of Kansas in the hands of my enemies, no one will regret it more, but yet no one, not even a Black Republican, could perform the duty with more of the consciousness of right than I shall feel. In the honest discharge of my official duties, I have written to Gov. Denver, to procure the sworn statements of the judges of this controverted precinct, and to have them taken under such circumstances as will secure a free and unbiased exhibition of facts. By the sworn statements, so procured, I shall be governed in giving the certificates of election to the members of the Legislature from Leavenworth county.

MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCE OF A HORSE.—A recent letter to the Boston Journal, from Bradford, Vermont, says:—

"Taking it for granted that the account of anything new or strange from any part of the country is quite acceptable, we venture to send the following, which, although bordering on the marvellous, actually transpired in the town of Corinth, some eight miles distant, yet we very much doubt the possibility of finding a parallel.

'It appears that a high spirited horse, driven by two young men on the morning of the 15th instant, between 3 and 4 o'clock, when near the village of East Corinth, became frightened, and succeeded in detaching himself from the sleigh. He ran most furiously through the street until, for what reason can hardly be imagined, he turned his course directly towards the door of a house occupied by Mr. B——, a merchant of Corinth, crossing a field to reach the house. Striking with great force against the door, it gave way, and the horse made his way through the hall into the kitchen. Out of this kitchen opens a door into a small bedroom, occupied at this time by Mr. B——, his wife, and three children. Mr. B. and child occupied one bed, and Mrs. B. and two children the other. The furniture consisted of two beds, a crib, mirror, clock, chairs, &c. The horse, probably attracted by a light which was burning in this room, dashed in, breaking down both beds and the crib, each of which were in different corners of the room, demolished the mirror and clock, and finally took refuge in the corner of the room, shivering with fright. In coming in contact with the mirror he seems to have received a severe wound about his mouth, from which the blood was freely distributed about the room, upon the beds and even on the occupants: the whole presenting an appearance that cannot be described. The strangest part of the story perhaps is, that no one received the slightest injury, although they were not a little frightened. The scene of this remarkable transaction has been visited since by many from Corinth and adjacent towns.'"

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—The Schenectady Reflector is responsible for the following:—Quite a mistake lately occurred in a love-match at Duanesburg. A couple of young ones agreed to elope together, and by some mistake in the preliminary arrangements, the gentleman put the ladder up to the window of the room next to the one in which his sweetheart slept, and which proved to be that in which her anxious mamma, a handsome widow, reposed. She turned the mistake to her own advantage; got into his arms; returned his affectionate embraces; was borne by him to the carriage, and by preserving becoming silence until daylight, kept him blind of his error, and by the potent power of her blandishments, actually charmed him into matrimony with herself. We give these facts on the authority of a responsible correspondent.

IN the second day's trial of the great Dumas lawsuit about the part Maquet claims in the fabrication of eighteen romances bearing Alexandre's titular authority, it turns out that the claimant for literary distinction and 50,000f. is the son of an Irishman or Scotchman of the name of MacQuay or Mackay.

EXAGGERATION OF COMMERCIAL LOSSES.

Very great harm has been done at every step of the late panic, by the excessive exaggeration of all the incidents of a period not a little exciting, and if fright could have destroyed business entirely, there has been enough of exertion to get up an adequate degree of fright for that purpose. The New York press has been pre-eminently guilty of this shameful exaggeration from the outset, and they are justly regarded as foremost among the authors of the whole mischief. Our losses are real and severe enough, not, as these false clamorers pretended, because business, and banks, and the credit system of the country were "rotten," but because we have had three or four months of enforced idleness and non-production, thousands of compelled sacrifices to meet current obligations, and the anarchy of exchanges which brings everybody in debt because he must live and sustain his business, and yet can produce nothing. These are real and serious losses, and due, more than all things else, to senseless clamor and equally senseless fright.

We have now a statement of the total of commercial failures and losses in the United States, through one or two ubiquitous commercial agencies, which, at the cost of not a little mischief, have given us one item of good—in summing up the total of trading establishments for the United States, with the total number "failing," and the proportion thought to be finally unpaid.

	Douglass & Co	Tappan & McKillip
Total number of firms reported,	212,384	207,048
" " " failed,	5,123	4,932
Liabilities of firms failing,	$229,861,000	$282,335,000
Assets of " "	156,031,000	130,000,000

There are thus seventy-four millions by one authority, and one hundred and fifty-two millions by another reported as lost by these failures—an average of about one hundred and ten millions—which the fortunes of commercial war have left in the hands of others than the rightful owners. Of course the western merchant has not destroyed so many goods, but himself and his customers have used so much without any present prospect of paying the eastern cities.

The number of failures, it will be seen, is about two and a half per cent. of the whole number of firms, and of this two and a half per cent., less than one-half is total failure; or the actual failure is one to one and a quarter per cent. of the number of firms and of the total sum credited. This then is the culmination of the commercial ruin so loudly proclaimed, and in view of which all production and all business ought to stop, it was said, until this vast "rottenness" was eliminated. We see it to be less than the insurance on most commercial shipments, in fact, a sum absolutely incapable of shaking the confidence of any sagacious merchant, though known to be sure to be incurred in this year's business when the year began. The like proportion of losses was counted upon as a regular result a few years since, and when commerce was most active with the west and southwest in the average of twenty years past. It is most unquestionable that the solvency of business with purchasers from the great cities has greatly improved within three years, that less has been lost, and that one per cent., which is the probable loss of the past six months, is of trifling consequence of itself. The great loss is in the panic and the blockade of exchange caused by the asserted bankruptcy of the whole country. The wholesale merchant has suffered largely to sustain himself and his customers, the retailer to sustain himself, and the consumer because his own products could not be sold. And most of this sacrifice was enforced because money was suddenly locked up, and was no longer, as it had been and ought always to be, accessible as a means of transfer.

The losses of enforced stoppage of business bear heavily everywhere, but the lesson may be of some small service if it save us in future from becoming the prey of interested panic makers first, and of those clamorous promoters of panic next, who exaggerate and invent tremendous losses, to frighten business to death, when the vast show of losses made in the present extraordinary case, is found to be a proportion absolutely too small to seriously affect any solvent creditor.—*Philada. North American.*

A CONDENSED LIFE OF A BANKRUPT.—An English paper gives the following as an outline of the commercial life of a merchant named Monteith, who was recently declared a bankrupt for £400,000:

In 1835 he commenced business in Glasgow, Scotland, as a calico printer, and after four or five years of unsuccessful trade, failed for about £40,000, paying a very small dividend. He then went to Manchester, where he commenced again as a calico printer, and, as before, failed, paying again, if any, a very small dividend. He then returned to Glasgow, and got a situation in a large calico printing house, and received, besides a handsome salary, large sums of money by way of commission. His extravagance, however, beggared him, and he was dismissed with, on his making an abject appeal, a present of £1,500. He commenced business again in 1848, and has for the third time become a bankrupt, with assets which, in all probability, will only pay a dividend of a few pence in the pound.—This huge loss will fall almost exclusively upon the unfortunate shareholders of the Western Bank. In the course of his last examination, Monteith stated that his domestic expenses averaged £1,704 a year since he commenced business this last time. If common report is to be believed, he kept up a style which few men, with less than £10,000 a year, would attempt. He had eighteen servants, carriages and horses, a splendid table and choice wines, an extravagant family, and a large and elegant country mansion.

WILD CAT ASSETS.—The Macomb (Illinois) Eagle gives the assets of the Nemeha Valley (Nebraska) Bank. We publish the following as the assets of another, found upon a slate, the only *book* kept about the institution:

One wild cat,
Two large wild cats,
One Tom cat belonging to cashier—fat,
Seven young wild cats,
Three feminine wild cats,
Two old wild cats,
A few male cats,
Three lean wild cats,
Five hundred wild cats,
Cats worth a premium—0,
Cats worth par—0,
Cats at discount—numerous,
Dry wild cat skin,
Two dead wild cats trying to "move the crops."
Wild cats preserved in water,
One wild cat—no teeth,
Wild cats lying about loose,
Wild cats lying about in spots,
Wild cats "done up in something,"
Three wild cats' tails,
A whole category of
WILD CATS!

THE Achromatic Telescope, constructed for Mr. Craig, of England, on such a gigantic scale of dimensions and powers, has been the occasion of the manufacture of some admirable optical flint object-glasses at the great works of Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham. It is 24 inches in diameter, and is perfectly clear and homogeneous in structure. The crown glass lens, of like size, is of plate glass, cast in the most perfect manner. The total length of the telescope in use is 85 feet, but the real focal length of the lens is about 76 feet. A quarter of an inch letter can be read with this telescope at the distance of half a mile; and the instrument is mounted on such mechanical principles, as to be movable in any direction with the slightest touch of the finger, while it can be directed to objects at 80 degs. of elevation above the horizon. The weight of the tube is three tons; it is quite inflexible and free from tremor or vibration. The chain by which the tube is lowered or raised, is capable of raising a weight of 13 tons; and a gentle touch on the wheel of the iron railway on which it moves, lifts 20 cwt.

WESTERN FLOUR IN MAINE.—A quantity of Iowa flour, brought all the way by land from the Mississippi river—a distance of 1,231 miles—has been received in Portland, Maine.

The Senate Committee's Reports on the Lecompton Constitution.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The report made to-day by Mr. Green, of Missouri, from the majority of the Senate Committee on Territories, recites at length the events which have occurred in Kansas. It asserts that a majority of the people may simply, as in ancient days, in mass meeting, make a constitution, or they may elect representatives to make one for them, or elect representatives to draft one to be submitted to them for approval or rejection. The last method was most approved during the past few years, though formerly the second method was very generally resorted to. The call of the Convention in this case was said to have been strictly legal, also the election of delegates. Was it not logical to infer that a Convention, legally called, legally elected, and clothed with authority to make a Constitution, can no more be interfered with by a Governor, Judge or Legislature, either to increase or diminish its power, or alter, modify or nullify its acts, than the people could be interfered with, had they assembled *en masse* instead of by representatives? In conclusion, the committee say—"The Abolitionists in Kansas had thus far sought power by methods unknown to law and by violence, and not through the peaceful agency of the ballot box. Claiming to have a majority of voters in the Territory, and therefore able to elect a Legislature and Convention, they yet ask Congress to wrongfully do for them what they may at legal times and in legal places do for themselves. That is, to change or abolish their Constitution. And because Congress refuses to comply with their unconstitutional demands, they threaten to afflict the country with an attempt at bloodshed and revolution. Unless Congress will do for them what they assert they are anxious to do for themselves, but which they wilfully refuse to do, they threaten to plunge the country into a civil war. This conduct is so exceedingly unreasonable as to force conviction upon the mind that they are conscious of being a powerless minority, and only expect to be able to compass their unwarrantable ends by departing from the general way of peace and quiet. If your committee are not greatly mistaken, these reckless men misjudge the American people, and will be required to seek peaceful methods for the redress of all their grievances, whether they be real or imaginary."

The bill reported by the committee recites that the people of Kansas have framed for themselves a Constitution and government, republican in form, and the Convention held at Lecompton has, in their name and in their behalf, asked Congress to admit her as a State into the Union. Therefore it is declared that Kansas be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever. The bill also prescribes the boundaries, contains the usual regulations relative to and grants of public lands, as in the case of Minnesota, and gives Kansas for the present, one representative in the House of Representatives. The report says that they do not approve the ordinance accompanying the Lecompton Constitution, and therefore oppose its acceptance. They do not regard it as any part of the Constitution, nor will its approval or disapproval by Congress affect the validity of the Constitution, if Kansas is admitted into the Union as recommended.

THE MINORITY REPORTS.

Mr. Douglas, in his report, dissents from the views of the majority, for the reason, among others, that there is no satisfactory evidence that the Constitution framed by the Lecompton Convention is the act and deed of the people of Kansas, or embodies their will. He shows that the Convention was not clothed with competent power to establish a Constitution, without the assent of Congress, which had been expressly withheld in this case. Hence the Convention only had such power as the Territorial Legislature could rightfully confer, and no more, which was to form a Constitution and send it to Congress, as a memorial for admission, which could be accepted or rejected, according as it embodied the popular will: that all the proceedings of the Convention should have been held in strict *obedience to the authority of the Territorial government, while, in fact,* it was declared to be in force and take effect in defiance of the authority of the Territorial government, as well as without the consent of Congress; that the only lawful election held on the adoption of the Constitution was that on the 4th of January last, which was in obedience to the law passed by the Territorial Legislature, established by Congress, with full legislative power on all rightful subjects within the Territory.

Messrs. Collamer and Wade, in submitting their views, say that the Territorial government of Kansas never organized as provided in the organic act, that is by its own people, but was usurped by a foreign force, conquered and subdued by arms, and the minority installed in power, which has ever since been sustained by the Federal Government, instead of being examined and corrected. This was done to establish and perpetuate slavery, and the Lecompton Constitution is the result of these proceedings and contrary to the will of the great majority of the people, legally expressed; and for Congress to consummate this protracted atrocity, and especially for such a purpose, is a violation of the fundamental principles of republican government, and can produce no permanent peace or satisfaction to the people of the Territory. In the late Territorial election they have reclaimed their rights, and that Territorial government is now moving peaceably in its legitimate sphere of promised freedom. The Lecompton Constitution and its adoption were concocted and expected to supercede the triumph of Justice. To admit it by Congress is but to give success to fraud and encouragement to iniquity, and to turn over that people, not to an election fairly and legally conducted, but to such State officers and legislators as Gen. Calhoun shall hereafter proclaim, and on such a contingency as he shall determine, and his long, mysterious and inexcusable indecision and reserve but encourage expectations in both parties, one of which is certainly doomed to disappointment.

DEATH UNDER SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Maryville News furnishes an account of a death which occurred under singular circumstances recently, at a place called Delor Gulch: Two men, John Thomas and Ephraim Maringer, made a bet of ten dollars as to who could hold his breath the longest. At the word both drew in their breath, but Maringer soon gave out; Thomas gave no sign or motion to show that he was aware of having won the wager, but sat with his head bowed upon his breast, still, immovable! "Hallo, Thomas, old fellow, you've won! What are you sitting there for? Get up, and stand treat!" one said to him. Not replying, the company became alarmed. They shook him, raised him from the chair—he was dead! Dr. Springall was immediately called in, but all hopes of resuscitation were gone—life had become entirely extinct.—Dr. Springall, assisted by Drs. Wells and Glaubein, held a post mortem examination upon the body of the deceased, the result of which showed that the heart had been completely burst asunder, causing death instantly. Maringer expresses a deal of sorrow for the loss of his friend, cursing his folly, and protesting he can never more be happy.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Directors have executed an assignment of all the effects of the bank to Messrs. William C. Patterson, William L. Savage, and John D. Taylor, who resigned their situation as Directors in order to accept the post of Assignees. The creditors, it is supposed, will absorb all the available assets of the bank, and perhaps also the proceeds of the new charter, if the Legislature should deem it expedient to authorize its sale. The charter was granted some three or four years since, and has twenty years to run from the expiration of the old charter, in April next. We understand also, that the Commissioners appointed by the Governor, have resumed their inquiry into the condition of the bank, and will be prepared in a few days to make a final report. They have examined Mr. Allibone, the late President, at great length, and have gathered much important information of interest to the stockholders.

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE—LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN—REPORT OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY—COTTON FIRM—BREADSTUFFS DULL.

The steamship Baltic arrived at New York, Thursday night (the 18th), with thirty passengers.

The Cunard steamship Africa arrived out at Liverpool at 11½ P. M., on Saturday, January 30th.

The Leviathan was successfully floated in the Thames on Sunday, January 31st. The floating of the great ship was effected with perfect ease, and no accident of any kind occurred, although the river was literally covered with boats full of people.

The Leviathan was towed by four powerful tug boats to her moorings opposite Deptford, where she will remain until her internal arrangements are completed.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company had issued a call for the ordinary meeting of the stockholders on the 18th of February, and in anticipation of this meeting had published a full report of the position of the company. The report states that it is proposed to raise a certain amount of new capital, by an issue of £20 shares, with which to meet the charges for the 700 miles of additional cable now in course of manufacture, and to provide for contingencies.

A meeting of the bond and stockholders of the Erie Railroad had been held in London, to hear explanations from the President, Mr. Moran. A motion authorizing the creation of a fifth mortgage of five million dollars was carried, after a division.

Gen. Ashburnham, who was appointed to command the British forces in China, but was transferred to India, has suddenly returned to England without leave, because, as is said, only a command in the Punjaub was suggested to him, which did not answer his expectations.

An investigation at Liverpool in certain scandalous charges brought against Rev. Mr. Gent, a curate in Dr. McMiles' church, and which attracted great attention, had ended in the complete vindication of Mr. Gent's character, and so elated were the people at the result, that they carried Mr. Gent in triumph from the court, and dragged him in a carriage through the streets, while those who gave evidence against him barely escaped lynch law from the mob.

A frightful collier explosion had occurred at a pit near Ashton under Lyme. About one hundred men were in the pit at the time, and it was feared that many of them were killed. At latest dates, about forty had been taken out alive—some more or less injured—and two dead.

A large reform meeting was held at Birmingham on the 2nd, and resolutions were adopted declaring that no measures of reform would be complete without household suffrage and the ballot. Chartist amendments for universal suffrage were defeated by large majorities.

January 29th, a very numerous and highly respectable meeting of Americans was held in the Hotel de Louvre, to express their sentiments on the recent atrocious attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French. Hon. John Wethered, Ex-Member of the United States Congress, was called to the chair.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times reports that the improvement which was beginning to be observed in the general trade of the country, had been checked by the rumors in regard to the restrictive measures proposed by the Government, and the violent language employed in the military addresses to the Emperor.

Wheat and Flour has declined in price in almost all the markets in France. Brandies were dull, and quotations falling.

An engineer, named Duteste, is said to have invented an apparatus which is destined to effect a complete revolution in the construction of locomotives, and to save 50 per cent. in the amount of combustibles at present consumed.

Letters from Paris mention the failure of M. James Odier, one of the oldest and most respectable banking firms of that city. The liabilities were estimated at £200,000. *Hopes were entertained of a resumption.*

A steady improvement in the Lyons Silk Market is reported, under the influence of orders for the European spring trade.

The London Times is requested by Gen Changarnier to state that as the decree which exiled several French Generals has not been repealed, it is not his intention at present to return to France.

In Paris on the 1st the project of a new law was read in the Legislative Chambers, empowering the Executive to remove from Paris all persons who may attempt to disturb public tranquillity. A bill was also submitted for the constitution of a Council of Regency. The Empress is to be Regent of right; she failing, two French Princes in the order of primogeniture. The members of the Council of Regency to be the two French Princes in their own rights, Cardinal Morlot, Marshal Pelissier, Count Presigny, M. Fould, and the Presidents of the Senate, the *Corps Legislatif*, and the Council of State.

The repressive measure which has been proposed to the Corps Legislatif is a *projet de Loi*, entitled "Project to provide for the safety," and it consists of certain additions to several of the articles of the Penal Code.

Article second punishes with imprisonment of from one month to two years every individual who, with the object of disturbing the public peace or of exciting hatred and contempt against the government of the Emperor, shall have practised any intrigues or carried on any correspondence either within this country or abroad.

3. Every individual who, without being authorized shall have manufactured, sold, or distributed—1. Destructive machines, acting by explosion or otherwise—2. Fulminating powder of whatever description, shall be punished with imprisonment from six months to five years, and to a fine of 50 to 3,000 francs.

Article 9 declares as follows:—Any individual may be interne in France or Algeria, or expelled who was condemned, expelled, interne or transported in May or June, 1848, in June, 1849, or in December, 1851, and who may again have been pointed out by important circumstances as dangerous to public safety.

The Bank of Holland had reduced its rate of discount from 5 to 4½ per cent.

Mr. Chas. Hostmann, a Hanoverian banker, had failed, and committed suicide.

The new Swedish railway loan of about $1,200,000 had been taken by several of the banks of *Credit Mobilier* in Germany, in a 4½ per cent. stock, at a price between 90 and 91.

A rumor was current that the assassination of the King of Piedmont formed a part of the programme which included the death of the Emperor Napoleon. The National Bank of Turin had reduced its rate of discount from 7 to 6 per cent.

The Bombay mail of Jan. 8 had arrived in England, but the news adds nothing of importance to the telegraphic accounts brought out by the Niagara. The correspondent of the Daily News, however, asserts that the news from the Punjaub is unfavorable. The Sikhs were not safe, and the Affghans threatened on the frontier.

The Australian mail, with dates from Melbourne to Dec. 15, had reached England, but the news was anticipated by telegraph—as per Niagara's advices. Trade throughout the country was very dull, being confined to merely actual requirements.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Cunard Mail Steamship Africa, from Liverpool, with dates to the 6th inst., arrived at New York on the 21st inst. No later intelligence from India or China had been received.

Parliament had reassembled. Lord Palmerston gave notice of an intended bill in regard to conspiracies to murder, designed to meet the Refugee question. Mr. Roebuck had severely censured in a speech the publication in the Paris Moniteur of the addresses of the French soldiery, against England. He said:—"Now the French Emperor was the person who directed these accusations against England. But who could speak with greater cause of the hospitality of England? Had he not enjoyed our protection? Had he not acted the part of a conspirator? Had he not left our shores armed with the name of his great predecessor? Had he not invaded the shores of France and attacked the throne of Louis Phillippe—and had he not murdered a man who was only in the performance of his duty when he resisted him.

"Yet this was the man who chose, in the pages of the *Moniteur*, to bring accusation against England as being a den, a hotbed, a haunt of conspirators."

Palmerston rebuked Mr. Roebuck for his onslaught.

The English relations with France excite, at the present moment, some uneasiness. It is said that some of the English residents in Paris are returning home, in consequence of the unsettled state of the political horizon.

Doubts are expressed respecting the truth of the horrid tales which have been so long current respecting the mutilations by the natives of India of English men and women. It is alleged they are grossly exaggerated, if not actually untrue. It has been ascertained that no mutilated subjects have come down the Ganges, or found their way to England.

On the evening of the 5th, in the House of Lords, Lord Clarendon announced the determination of the French Government to prevent French Consuls from issuing passports to British subjects, approved of the course, and stated that the British Government intended to invite other governments to abandon the system of passports altogether.

The latest addresses from the French army were marked by a less hostile spirit to England.

The Prince and Princess Frederick William, of Prussia, landed at Antwerp on the 3rd inst., and reached Cologne on the following day.—They were received with enthusiasm at all points.

The Bank of Prussia had reduced its rate of discount to 4 per cent.

It is said that, notwithstanding the exertions of the police, no accessories to the plot to assassinate the Emperor have been discovered, and that the four principals already in custody, and two others who have escaped from justice, will be brought to trial.

It is stated that Lord Cowley has been instructed to ask for explanations as to the publication of these addresses in the Moniteur.

The Emperor Alexander, to add example to precept, has resolved to emancipate all the serfs on his private domain, securing to them all the advantages granted to peasants of private individuals, and giving them the buildings in which they reside.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 5.—Cotton Market.—The sales of Cotton for the week were 74,000 bales, including 5500 to speculators, and 3000 for export. The market for the week opened with a slight advance for all qualities; but this advance was lost, and the market closed with a decline for new Uplands of 1-16d. The sales to day (Friday) were 6000 bales, including 1600 for speculation and export. The market closed steady at the following quotations: Fair Orleans 7⅞; middling do 6 15-16; fair Mobile 7½; middling do 6¾; fair Uplands 7; middling do 6¾.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Feb. 6.—The sales of Cotton to-day have been 10,000 bales, the market closing very firm.

MANCHESTER TRADE REPORT.—*Manchester, Friday Afternoon.*—Our market here is very dull and stupid, and short time is being very generally talked of again; indeed, in Hyde and some other places the mills have already gone back to shorter time, the trade is so ruinously unremunerative.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Feb. 5.—The market closed very dull for flour and corn, all qualities having declined.

Messrs Richardson & Spence's circular quotes a declining tendency for flour, which is unsalable, and quotations are nominal. Corn is dull and all qualities have declined.

Beef steady, pork heavy, bacon quiet, with a slight decline on all qualities. Lard heavy, at a decline. Tallow has also declined 1s.

Sugar is buoyant, and with an advance for all qualities. Coffee steady. Rice steady and active; Carolina has slightly advanced. Tea is slow of sale, and prices are unaltered. Rosin firm, fine has advanced. Pot and Pearl Ashes quiet.

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 5.—Iron—Welsh rails and bars, £6 10s.

Sugar Steady, Coffee dull, Tea unchanged, Rice heavy.

The Money Market is slightly easier. The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 3½ per ct. American securities are active, and tending upward. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £395,000.

REPORTED DUELS.—*Washington, Feb. 21.*—Rumors have been afloat all day that a hostile meeting had occurred between Messrs Clay and Cullom, *resulting in a fatal wound to the latter. It is, however, believed that up to the present* time there has been no meeting. Both of the parties are absent, and their friends are eagerly endeavoring to adjust the affair.

The difficulty originated in Gen. Cullom, at the bar of Brown's hotel, giving as a toast "The illustrious father of a degenerate son." Clay took offence, and Cullom struck him.

On the 20th, Ex Lieut. A. C. Rhind posted Commander E. B. Boutwell as a "liar and a coward," near the office of the navy department. It is understood that the difficulty originated several years ago, in the Pacific, but was recently renewed before the naval court of inquiry. Boutwell had refused to accept a challenge from him.

Col Sumner recently addressed a note to Gen. Harney, asking him to meet him outside of the district. Gen. Harney sent the note to the Secretary of War, and at the same time addressed a note to Col. Sumner, stating that he intended to make it an official matter for investigation, and he has accordingly preferred charges against Sumner. Col. Sumner replied to Harney that he could have nothing further to do with a man who would screen himself by his official position. Both Harney and Sumner have left the city, and a conflict is anticipated by some of their friends.

A general Tipperary feeling prevailing, suspicion has taken note of the fact that Messrs. Grow, of Pa., and Keitt, of S. C., are reported to have gone northward, and it is rumored they are bound for the Canada line.

OPIUM SMOKING IN EUROPE.—There is at Paris a club of opium smokers, whose members call themselves *Opiophils*. They have a journal—as other enlightened societies—and each member is bound by rule to record therein a statement of all his sensations and reveries experienced during the intoxication. It has been said that extremes touch each other, and that the end of civilization is—barbarism. And how shall we account for the fact that the importation of opium in London increased from 103,718 pounds, in 1850, to 118,915 pounds, in 1851; whilst in 1852 it amounted to 250,790 pounds? In 1854, opium gave to the revenue £954; in 1855, £2,70c; in 1856, £2,752.

☞ Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg, the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.

☞ No one need expect to be original simply by being absurd. There is a cycle in nonsense which ever and anon brings back the delusions and errors of an earlier time. The follies of the present day are transcripts, unwittingly produced, and with, of course, a few variations, of follies which existed a century ago.—*Hugh Miller.*

☞ A PARRICIDE.—A critic speaks of J. C. Hamilton, author of the biography of Alexander Hamilton, as the man who *attempted his father's life.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is firm: sales of 7300 bbls at $4,25a4,30 for State, an advance of 5c. Wheat steady at $1,15a1.25 for Southern red. Corn heavy; 12,000 bush sold at 70c for white. Mess Pork is 25c lower at $15,50a15,75. Lard 4c lower and unsettled at 9¾a9⅞c.

COTTON—The market is steady at our former quotations. We quote:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N O & Tex.
Ordinary	10⅞	10⅞	10⅞	10⅞
Middling	11¾	11¾	12	12
Middling fair	12⅛	12⅛	12⅛	12½
Fair	12¾	12¾		

SUGARS—Refiners have purchased to the extent of 500 hhds Cuba at prices we are desired not to name, and 311 hhds handsome Melado. Amistad brand at 6c.

MOLASSES—New Orleans have further advanced 3c ⅌ gal, with 230 bbls at 31a35c, generally at the latter figure.

HOPS—Are very quiet; we quote new at 4a7c; old are without movement.

COFFEE—Rio is moderately active at full prices; sales of 500 bags at 10¾a11¼c. Other kinds are unchanged.

WHISKEY—The market is steady—the demand fair—sales of 100 bbls at 23c.

☞ Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief, than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.

☞ No humility is perfect and proportioned, but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.—*Archer Butler.*

☞ Involuntary rhymers and blank-versifiers are numerous. Dr. Watts, who found it difficult, when a child, to speak save in rhyme, finds a modern parallel in Charles Dickens, many of whose sentences, read with proper emphasis and discretion, make excellent blank verse. The Declaration of Independence, with a few transpositions, elisions and slight additions, can easily be converted into blank verse.

☞ SMITHERS.—What do you think of the new danseuse? Divine, eh?

CRITIC (defining his position).—In *batriments* she does very little; her *poses* are finely conceived—taken with sureness, and held with firmness. And her *abandon* is equal to her *entrechats* and *tours de force*.

☞ Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfillments; each of its *joys turns into a new want.*

☞ Jean Paul very wittily and truly remarks, that female hearts and Spanish houses are very similar: having many doors, but few windows, and accordingly it is easier to get into them than to see into them.

☞ MODEL HOUSEWIFE.—Old Mrs. Darnly is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other winter.

☞ Montaigne kept a register of the oddities of all his friends, and introduces them to us whenever he can. "I know a lady of very high rank," he says, "who believes that it gives a person a disagreeable appearance to be seen in the act of chewing, and for this reason will scarcely ever eat in public."

☞ In regard to Atheism, is there not a great deal more practical than merely intellectual disbelief in divinity? "In our times," says an able English writer, "the real Atheist is the Mammonite, who, making 'godliness a great gain,' worships a golden calf, and calls it God; or the miserable fanatic, who, endowing the phantom of his own folly and fear with the worst passions of the worst men, dethrones the Deity to set up a demon, and curses all those who will not curse themselves by joining in his idolatry."

☞ No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is so dressed.—*Johnson.*

☞ A story is told of a Michigan farmer, who recently went down into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer absent than he intended to be, and he failed to meet a business engagement. On being rather reproached for not being home, he made due apology. "I tell you how it is, Squire; at every little darned town they wanted me to stop and be President of a Bank."

☞ The last "ism," horse flesh for food, is defended by the poet's lines thus:

> Lo! the poor Indian, who, untutored, feeds
> On locusts, beetles, frogs and centipedes!
> His taste keen hunger never taught to sigh
> For beef, veal, mutton, pork or pumpkin pie;
> But thinks, admitted to that equal feast,
> All things are good for man as well as beast!

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 228 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct '61	104	—
" " '67	112	—
" " '68	112	—
" " '58	100	—
Phila 6 pr ct	92	92½
" " new	97½	98
" 5 "	78	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	88	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	80	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'ny City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
Alle co R R 6's	46½	70
Penn		
" 5 "	87½	88½
" " coupon	89	90
Tenn 6 pr ct	88	88½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100	102
Missouri 6's	84	84½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	96	96½
2d m'rt loan '80	88½	89
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	90	95
P G & N R R "	90	92
Reading RR "	78	78½
" " m'rt "	86	86
" " " 6 pr ct 1886	70½	71
Lehigh Val. 6's	73½	74
Che Val RR "	39	40
Tioga RR "	74½	80
Phil Wil & Bal		
'80 R R 6 pr ct	88	92½
Long I RR "	77	78
Sch Nav '82 "	60	61
Lehigh Nav "	83	85
Mort "	84½	85
C & D Cl "	70½	71
Sus & Tid'r "	40	50
Union Canal	20½	22
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	68	70
2d " 7 pr ct	40½	45
Catawissa "	46½	46½
North Penn 6 pr ct	52½	53½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	90	94
Penna	45	45½
Bea Meadow	63	64
North Penna	10½	10¾

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & No	52½	55
Reading	20¾	21¼
Minehill	50	51
Har & Lan	60½	60½
Chester Val	4½	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	28	30
Long Island	12½	13
Wil'sport & Elmira	13½	15½
Catawissa	3	4½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	10¼	12
" preferred	18½	19
Lehigh Nav	57	58
Morris consolidated	50	57½
" preferred	98½	99½
C & Del	35	38
Union	4	6½
Sus & Tidewater	7½	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	135	135½
Phila	116½	—
Far & Mec	56	60
Commercial	48½	49½
N Liberty	52	60
Mechanics	27	27½
Southwark	62	70
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	59	—
Girard	10	10½
Western	60	70
Man & Mech	25	25½
Commerce	50	60
Tradesman's	55	—
City	43	45
Consolidation	22½	24
Commonwealth	17	—
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	50	55
M & M Pitts	—	—
Ex'ge Pitts	50	—
Kentucky	110	112
Northern, Ky	112	117
Louisville, Ky	110	112
Farmers, Ky	110	115
Union, Nash, Tenn	96½	100
Plant's, Tenn	97	100
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	118	119½

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By L. H. THOMPSON, Exchange Hotel,

No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ⅌ ℔	12 a15	Leg, Loin, Chp ⅌ ℔	8 a10
Sirloin steak	16 a18	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a 3½
Chuck pieces	8 a12½	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels Corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Fore quarter ⅌ ℔	8
Leg, each	37½a37½	Hind do	11
Shin	25 a40	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver ⅌ ℔	6¼ a11	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef ⅌ ℔	16 a18	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	$1 50 a1 75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh ℔	12 a 14
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Feet ⅌ set	18¾a 21
Chop ⅌ ℔	10 a22	Tripe ⅌ ℔	4 a 8
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Lard do	10 a 12
		Hams, sliced	11 a 16
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	18 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 40	S't Pota's ⅌ bus	$1 25a1 75
do hf pk	12½a 14	do do ⅌ ½ pk	[illegible] a 5
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Com potatoes bu	1 00 a1 25
do b'd	3 a 10	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Carrots doz	12	Onions bus	90

FRUIT.

Apples ⅌ bkt	62½a 87½	Cranberries qt	10 a 12
do hf pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ⅌ ℔	16 a 18	Pheasants	1 00a1 50
Spring Chickens ⅌ pair	31 a 87	Sab F'g'ns pair	28 a 37
Chickens ⅌ pair	50 a1 00	Frogs doz	25 a 37½
Chickens ⅌ ℔	15 a 20	Canvas Back Ducks	$2 a2 50
		Partridges pair,	1 00 a1 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	$6 a9 00	Oysters, Absecum ⅌ bkt	50 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	8 a9 00	do ⅌ M	16 a16 00
Lobsters ℔	8 a 10	M Riv Cove M	5 a20 00
Clams M	7 a8 50	N Y do ⅌ bbl	12 a20 00

FISH.

Halibut ℔	12 a	Perch bunch	6¼a12½
Bass	8 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	8 a12½
Flounders	— a 8	Fresh Shad ⅌ pair	1 50 a —
Cod	5 a 8	Salt Shad ℔	12
Blackfish	— 8	" Mackerel	12
White Fish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Rock	15 a —	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	8
		Smelts ⅌ ℔	12 a —

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ℔	28 a32	Honey ℔	20 a25
Roll do	27 a —	Smearcase cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	14 a20		

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The inactivity noticed in the Breadstuffs market for weeks past still continues, and with unfavorable advices from Europe, the tendency of prices continues in favor of buyers. The receipts, however, are small, and there has been no accumulation of stock. The sales for export comprise 5000 barrels at $4,31¼a4,37½ ⅌ bbl for standard brands, and $4,75a5 for extra. The sales for home use have been limited within this range for common and extra brands, and $5,25a6 for extra family and fancy lots. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very quiet. Small sales of the former at $3, and 1000 barrels of the latter at $2,87½ ⅌ barrel.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have again been very small, but the demand for it has been limited, and prices remain without change. Sales of 15,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 83c a$1,05 ⅌ bus for inferior and prime red, and $1,10a1,30 for white. 2,000 bushels Pennsylvania Rye brought 70c. Corn has been in fair request, but there has not been much off ring, and prices have advanced 2c ⅌ bus. Sales of 23,000 bushels yellow—mostly in store—at 59a60c—closing at the latter rate. Barley is dull; 3000 bushels sold at 75c for New York, and 68c for Pennsylvania. Oats sell slowly at 33c for Delaware and 34c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—There has been some excitement in the market this week, and prices of all descriptions have had an upward tendency. The demand for Pork has been limited, but holders are firm at a further improvement of 50a75c. Small sales of Western Mess at $16,75a17, and Prime at $15 50a16 ⅌ bbl, 60 days. Some holders now demand an advance on these figures. City packed Mess Beef sells in a small way for ship stores at $17 cash. 20 tcs Dried Beef sold at 11¼ cts. Bacon—There is not much stock here to operate in, and we again advance quotations. Sales of 200 casks Hams at 10¾a12c ⅌ ℔ for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9¾a10c, and Shoulders at 8a8¼c, 60 days—closing at our highest figures. For Bulk Meats there has been a good demand, and prices are advancing. Sales of 250 casks pickled Hams at 9½c. Sides at 8¾a9¼c. 50,000 lbs and 30 casks Shoulders at 6¾a7c, 60 days. Lard is held firmly at a further advance, and the stock is light, but the demand for it has been limited. Sales of 200 bbls at 10¾c, cash, and kegs at 11¼a11¾c ⅌ ℔, short time, now held at our highest quotation, in consequence of the high rate ruling at Cincinnati, and other points in the west. Butter continues very dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of solid packed Penna and Ohio at 10a14c, and Roll at 14a18c ⅌ ℔, cash. A sale of 6000 lbs Grease at a price kept private. Cheese is unchanged.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have been trifling, and the stock here, except that limited above present quotations, is exhausted. Small sales of No 1 at $32 ⅌ ton, now held higher. In Tanners' Bark there has been nothing doing.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of good Yellow at 27½a28c ⅌ ℔, cash.

BONE—There has been nothing doing in Whalebone this week.

CANDLES—There has been very little demand. Small sales of city manufactured Adamantine at 17a19 cts ⅌ ℔ on time; and 1000 boxes for shipment on private terms, supposed at about the lowest quotation.

COAL—Continues exceedingly dull. There is little or no demand for shipment, as the Eastern markets are well supplied, and prices there are declining, and unsettled. A number of the miners in the Schuylkill region have, in consequence, been compelled to cease operations. There is very little coming forward by railroad, and the demand is mostly confined to small lots, for home consumption.

COFFEE—The market has been quite firm at an improvement of ¼a½c on the advance noted at the close of last week. Sales of 3000 bags Rio at 9¾a10¼c; 4000 bags do by auction, on Thursday, at 9¾a11¼, averaging $10,54¼, and small lots of Laguayra at 11¾c on time.

COPPER—Is held firmly, but the sales of both English Sheathing and Yellow Metal have been unimportant.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue very light, and under the favorable advices from Europe holders have again advanced their pretensions, but the manufacturers evince no disposition to purchase to any extent. Sales of 300 bales, mostly Upland, at 12¾a13c ⅌ ℔, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been very little doing. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2¾a2⅞c, 6 mos; Oil of Lemons at $2,25; Opium at $5,37½; Ombro Madder at 11a13c, and Cocoineal at $1,05 ⅌ ℔, on time.

FEATHERS—Have attracted very little attention. Sales in a small way from 40 to 42c ⅌ ℔, for the best Western.

FISH—Have been quiet. Mackerel are held with less firmness than a week or ten days ago. The sales have been mostly in small lots from store at $11a11.25 for medium No 1; $10a10,25 for No 2, and $9a9,25 for No 3. 300 bbls sold on terms kept secret. Pickled Herring are dull at $3,50a3,75 ⅌ bbl, and Codfish sell slowly at $3,25a3,37½.

FRUIT—But little doing in foreign. Small sales of Sicily Oranges and Lemons at $2,25a2,50 ⅌ box—Raisins are held higher. Dried Apples are in moderate request at 6a6½c ⅌ ℔. Dried Peaches are scarce at our last quotations. Cranberries are worth $8a11 ⅌ bbl.

GINSENG—But little offering. Small sales of Crude at 45c ⅌ ℔, cash.

GUANO—Is but little inquired after, and the transactions have been unimportant.

HEMP—There has been nothing doing during the past week.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last report.

HOPS—Continue very dull, and sell only in a small way at 7a10c for new crop Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Is held very firmly, but there has been nothing doing.

IRON—In the Iron market there is an improved feeling, with increased firmness on the part of holders, but without resulting in any extensive transactions. Sales of 400 tons No 2 Anthracite at $20, and No 3 at $19, cash. Scotch Pig is held at $25a26, but there is no demand for it. Blooms are unchanged. We quote Charcoal at $65a70, Northern at $42a45, 6 mos. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron have undergone no change.

LEAD—Is held quite firmly at the advance noted last week; but there is not much stock here to operate in. Sales of 50 tons Foreign in New York, for this market, at $5,65, equal to cash.

LEATHER—The demand has been quite limited for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are unchanged.

LUMBER—There is little or no demand for any description, and prices are about nominal.

MOLASSES—The market has been firm. There has been a steady demand for New Orleans, with further sales of 380 barrels, part from the wharf, at 29c, 4 mos, and 100 barrels do Syrup at 32c. In Cuba the transactions have been unimportant, but Sugar House meets a steady demand at former rates. 100 barrels New York Syrup sold at 32c, and 30 barrels by auction at 21a21½c.

NAVAL STORES—Are unchanged. Sales of 500 bbls medium grades Rosin at $1 75a2 ⅌ bbl, and Pitch 1 at $2,50. Tar is held at $2,12½a2,25, and Pitch at $2. Spirits of Turpentine is held quite firmly at the late advance. Sales in lots at 48c, cash.

OILS—Linseed Oil has been somewhat unsettled and is lower. Sales at 50a53c, cash. Sperm Oil is held with more firmness, in consequence of recent movements at the Eastward, and No 1 Winter Sperm is now held at $1,35a1,45, cash and time. Prices of Crude and Refined Whale Oil remain as last quoted. In Red Oil no change. Lard Oil is firmer in consequence of the advance in Lard. No 1 Winter is held at 88a95c, 60 days.

PLASTER—There is little or none here, and no sales have come under our notice.

RICE—The stock is very much reduced, and holders are firm, sales of 150 casks at 3⅜a3½c, cash and 60 days.

SALT—An invoice of 12,000 bush Turk's Island has arrived, and was partly disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There was a fair demand for Cloverseed early in the week, but at the close it fell off and prices were lower. Sales of 1500 bush at $5,25a5,37½ ⅌ 64 lbs, closing at $5a5 25; some inferior at $4,50, and a lot of 40 tons prime, from second hands, for shipment, at 8¾ ⅌ ℔. Timothy sells very slowly at $2,50 ⅌ bush. Flaxseed—There is none offering, and none coming forward.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin the transactions have been limited, but without change in prices. N E Rum sells slowly at 37a38c. Whiskey has been in better demand, and has advanced. Sales of 1000 bbls Penna and Ohio at 20a22½c; hhds at 20a21½c; and Drudge at 19a20c—closing at our highest figures.

SUGAR—The receipts this week have been fair. The market continues quite firm, although the demand has been less active than at the close of our last weekly review. Sales of 860 hhds at 6a6¾c for Cuba, and 5¾a7¼c for New Orleans.

TALLOW—But little offering. Small sales of City Rendered at 11a11¼c ⅌ ℔, cash.

TEAS—There has been more doing in all descriptions, and prices are advancing.

TOBACCO—Is quiet. Manufactured sells slowly to the trade at former rates, but for Kentucky Leaf prices are weak.

WINES—There have been no transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL—There is a little more inquiry from Eastern manufacturers, but holders manifest no disposition to realize, except for cash, which has had the tendency to restrict operations. About 120,000 lbs sold from 25 to 37c ⅌ ℔, cash, for No 1 pulled and fleece.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS

No. 39 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent banks	par to 1 dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent banks	1 to par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	¼ dis
Solvent banks	1 to 2 dis
NEW YORK.	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis
MAINE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent banks	1 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent banks	4½ dis
CANADA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis

GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	3½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent banks	3 dis
ALABAMA.	
Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis
OHIO.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	4 dis
MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old banks	5 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	6 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	6 dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural B, Galveston,	50 dis

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The Democratic members of the Senate will not, as has been stated, press the passage of the bill for the admission of Kansas exactly in the form as reported from the Committee on Territories. There is the highest authority for saying that, when the subject comes up for consideration, an amendment will be offered from that side, and doubtless adopted, expressly declaring that nothing in the Lecompton Constitution shall be construed or held to interfere with the right of the people to alter, amend or modify it at pleasure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St, Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ A Monmouth paper says:—"In another column will be found the certificate of our fellow townsman, Jas. W. Davidson, Esq., to Prof. Wood. This is another of the numerous instances where it has changed gray hair to raven ringlets, and bald scalps to waving locks. Let any who stand in need of this valuable remedy give it a fair trial."

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot, St. Louis, Mo., and New York,) are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Also by all Fancy and Toilet goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

EVERY MOTHER AND HOUSEKEEPER must often act as a family physician in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases, I have used Davis' Pain Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. In diarrhœa it has been used and effected cures. For cuts and bruises it has been invaluable.—*N. Y. Examiner.*
Sold by all medicine dealers.

THE GREAT strengthening and tonic medicine, is HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. It gives you an appetite, it makes you feel well, it cures the Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from a disordered Stomach. For sale by druggists everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

PERMANENT CURES in all affections of the throat and lungs are constantly being made by Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Great as is its reputation, its works are greater. Many physicians speak of it in the highest terms.

FEVER AND AGUE.—AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY may be had in Jayne's Ague Mixture. It breaks the Chills, strengthens the system, removes the distressing nervousness which usually attends the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Read the following testimonials:—

LOWELL, La Salle Co., Ill., Jan. 21, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son:—Gentlemen—I think it my duty to give you a certificate, in return for the comfort that your Ague Mixture has given me. Being subject to attacks of the fever and ague, I had taken many kinds of medicines, but to no effect. By the use of one bottle of your Mixture, taken in accordance with the directions, I am now entirely cured, and feel no symptoms of a return of the complaint. I do not hesitate to say, that your Mixture is the best remedy for the fever and ague.

JOSEPH SHEVERINGTON.

I hereby coincide with the above statement, as your Mixture has cured me of the same distressing malady.

MICHAEL RYAN.

The Ague Mixture is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. feb6-4t

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Rancocus, N. J. on the 18th instant, JAMES W. DEACON, to ANNA M. second daughter of the late John Hilyard, Esq. of New York.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE M. GIBSON, to Miss ADALINE A. RUSSELL, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the same, Mr. SAMUEL H. SHILLMAN, to Miss REBECCA LOW, both of York county.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. CHARLES EHRMANN, of Lancaster, Pa. to ELIZABETH C. daughter of Jas. Henry, Esq. of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. EDWARD M. ——, Jr. of Hestonville, to Miss MARTHA J. GORDON, of West Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. HARRY M. QUIG, to Miss KATE, daughter of Saml. Eakins, Esq.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. ISAAC SHARP, to Miss ELIZA WOLOLION, both of Camden county, N. J.

On the 7th of May, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. HUGH PATTON, to Miss MARGARET HARDY, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. CHARLES McCLURE, to Miss JANE PARTRIDGE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. J. OSCAR PROSSER, to SARAH V. PATTERSON.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM BOWEN, of Beverly, Burlington county, N. J. to Miss EMILY H. MARPLE, of Gloucester city, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE KENNEDY, wife of Henry Firth, aged 22 years.

On the 15th instant, MARY JANE, daughter of Ann Guy, aged 24 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN MENZIES, aged 83 years.

On the 16th instant, HANNAH CORNELIA, daughter of Wm. G. Mentz, aged 25 years.

On the 15th instant, HANNAH C. wife of Jos. B. Smith, aged 43 years.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH CARY, aged 71 years.

In Reading, on the 14th instant, Mrs. AMANDA MILLER, aged 21 years.

On the 15th instant, SARAH J. MEALEY, aged 21 years.

On the 16th instant, EDWARD ROBINSON, aged 43 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY TAYLOR, aged 62.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JOHN JACKSON.

On the 15th instant, FRANCES A. wife of Edwin S. Bodine, aged 22 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. BYRON J. STIMELS, aged 28.

On the 12th instant, REUBEN C. TITLOW, aged 42 years.

On the 12th instant, REBECCA NORRIS, daughter of the late Isaac Norris.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARGARET MORROW, aged 78 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM KENDALL, aged 54 years.

On the 16th instant, JAMES McDONALD, aged 24 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN HOGAN, aged 55 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. HONORA REDDING, aged 70.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY A. SCHOTZ, wife of Christopher Lauser, aged 22 years.

On the 15th instant, LEWIS WARNER, aged 71 years.

NO FAMILY

Can afford to be without MUSTANG LINIMENT in their house. The many accidents we are liable to, may render it necessary any moment, and nothing is capable of performing such a certain cure. (*Extract.*) "In lifting the kettle from the fire, it caught and scalded my hands and person very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. It was an awful sight. * * * The Mustang Liniment appeared to extract the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left no scar of account. CHAS. FOSTER, 420 *Broad St., Philada.*" It is truly a wonderful article. It will cure any case of Swelling, Burns, Stiff Joints, Eruptions, or Rheumatism. For Horses, it should never be dispensed with. One Dollar's worth of Mustang has frequently saved a valuable horse. It cures Galls, Sprains, Ringbone, Spavin and Founders. *Beware of imitations.* Sold in all parts of the habitable Globe.
BARNES & PARK, Proprietors, New York.
feb27-1m

THIRD EDITION NOW READY—FREEDLEY'S LEGAL ADVISER; or, How to do Business According to Law.
A distinguished merchant writes that every business man should have a copy of this book, and a clerk, master of its contents, *will be worth 25 per cent. more salary.*
Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philada., and for sale by all dealers in books. Mailed for $1,25.
jan23-tf

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.
THIS AMERICAN INVENTION
STANDS UNRIVALLED,
both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English and German manufacture, it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition in London*, as the *best artificial limb known.* In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest* or *first premium.* And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.
Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.
B. FRANK PALMER,
376 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
oct8-1y

SEWING MACHINES. Price $25. Persons wishing to buy a *really good family sewing machine*, should call at 922 Chestnut St., and get one of Pratt's patent. These machines have been in use over one year, and are giving universal satisfaction. They are warranted. jan23-6t

EMPLOYMENT CAN BE HAD AT $100 Per Month. Inclose stamp, and address for particulars, MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass. feb27-4t

260 CHOICE RECIPES. Beautiful Arts, Ways to make Money, New Discoveries, &c., &c., all sent post-paid, for 12 cents. Address C. H. LONG, Brasher Falls, New York. feb27-2t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

ONE DOLLAR & FIFTY CTS. SAVED.

The Best $3,00 and the Best $2,00
MAGAZINE FOR $3,50.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PRICE $3,00 A YEAR,
AND
ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE,
PRICE $2,00 A YEAR.
Will both be sent one year on receipt of $3,50.
They each contain STEEL PLATES, FASHION PLATES (Colored), and different articles of Dress for Ladies.
L. A. GODEY,
feb27-2t 323 Chestnut St., Philada.

MAHAN'S
SPRING FASHIONS
ARE NOW READY TO MAIL.
The Plate contains twenty-three elegantly finished figures, two of which are perfect Portraits of Wm. A. Chapline, mammoth tailor, of Kentucky, and P. J. Mahan, son of the publisher. This plate has never been equalled. The Report contains 53 new and accurate drafts of the present Fashions. Any tailor with this System who can read can compete with the best houses in cutting.
TERMS.—Reports and Colored Plates $6 per year, or $7 in advance. Reports and Uncolored Plates, $5 per year. Colored Plates, Pattern sheet and explanations, $3 per year. Uncolored Plates, Pattern sheet, &c., $2 per year. F. MAHAN, No. 720 Chestnut St., Phila.
☞ Papers copying the above will receive (post-paid) a magnificent Colored Plate. 1t

GROVER & BAKER'S
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET
FOR FAMILY USE.
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston and 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. ja16-3m

AGENTS WANTED.
Agents Wanted.
Agents Wanted.
In every Town, County and State.
In every Town, County and State.
In every Town, County and State.
Great Inducements Offered.
Great Inducements Offered.
Great Inducements Offered.
Catalogues with full Particulars.
Catalogues with full Particulars.
Catalogues with full Particulars.
Sent free to any Address.
Sent free to any Address.
Sent free to any Address.
Send for a Catalogue.
Send for a Catalogue.
Send for a Catalogue.
See the Inducements Offered.
See the Inducements Offered.
See the Inducements Offered.
Address D. W. Evans & Co.
Address D. W. Evans & Co.
Address D. W. Evans & Co.
Publishers and Importers.
Publishers and Importers.
Publishers and Importers.
677 Broadway.
677 Broadway.
677 Broadway.
New York City.
New York City.
New York City.
feb6-13t

WANTED, EVERYBODY
To see and examine D. Rulison's New List, containing Valuable, Standard and Useful Books, Jewelry, &c. Send for a Catalogue which gives full particulars and instructions to Agents. Address DUANE RULISON, No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia. feb6-tf

BOOK AGENTS!
WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars with full particulars apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh13-tf

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!
EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.
PLEASE TO READ THIS!
AGENTS WANTED! Extra inducements for 1858.
All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.
On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.
Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most salable. Please open a correspondence with us; and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to your address our General Circular of Books, terms, and full information relative to the business. Address
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
nov29-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

TWO NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS.
SMUCKER'S LIFE OF DR. E. K. KANE and other distinguished American Explorers and Travellers will be published Monday, February 1st.
DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPLORATIONS AND TRAVELS IN AFRICA will be published on Wednesday, February 10th.
These books will have an immense sale, and agents will do well to send in their orders at once. We make the most liberal discount to agents buying large or small quantities. Sample copies will be sent to any part of the United States, on receipt of the retail price, free postage.
Price of Dr. Kane and other American Explorers, $1,00.
" Dr. Livingstone's Explorations in Africa, $1,25
" " " " fine edition, colored plates, $1,50.
J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
feb6-tf 48 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.

OLD GOLD PENS REPOINTED. PRICE 50 Cents. Enclose the Pen in a letter with cash or postage stamps; it will soon be returned as good as new.
I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—
Rochester, Feb. 14, 1857.
Dear Sir:—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before.
Your Ob't Serv't, W. J. STODDARD.
feb6-26t Address D. ELLIOTT, Syracuse, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT.—$30 A Month, and all Expenses Paid.—An AGENT is WANTED in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly made. For full particulars address
C. MONNETT & CO.,
Corner of Broome and Mercer Streets, New York City, inclosing one postage stamp. feb27-2t

WANTED, 1,000 AGENTS, for the best inducements ever offered. Enclose stamp for return postage, and address MAYNARD & CASWELL,
feb13-6t Lawrence, Mass.

SAVING FUND—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, has over ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS all in first class Securities. Interest *Five Per Cent.* Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. sep19-26t

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no risk. Business new, easy, useful, honorable. For particulars, address E. S. RICH,
feb20-2t Brasher Falls, N. Y.

200 OF THE FAMOUS $1 and $5 RECIPES to make the best and cheapest Inks of every kind and color—Songs of every description—Cider without apples—Best Honey—Secret Art of Catching Fish—Arts—Secrets—Ways to Make Money, &c., &c., all sent for only $1. Address A. S. POTTER, Steubenburgh, Pa.
jan23-6t

RELIEF FOR HARD TIMES.
I WISH TO PROCURE AN AGENT, either Lady or Gentleman, for every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a genteel business, by which from $100 to $200 per month can be realized. For particulars, address, with stamp, W. R. ACTON,
feb13-6t 41 N. 6th St., Philada.

$100 A MONTH.—WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN. Capital of $5 only required. For particulars, enclose stamp, and address
feb13-6t A. B. MARTYN, Plaistow, N. H.

Wit and Humor.

MAJOR BROWN'S COON STORY.

"I was down on the crick this morning," said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think they're agoin' to be powerful plenty this season."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never hearn tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only a good price this season, I'll be worth somethin' in the spring, sure's you live, for I've jest got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."

"You say you never hearn tell o' the like o' the coons?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half hour. "Why, you don't know enny-thing 'bout 'em! If you'd a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coons! I jest tell you, boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a dern with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'."

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leaned up afore somethin' give me one of the allfiredest nips about the seat o' my britches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred yards; when think, sez I, it's no use runnin', and I'm snake bit, but runnin' won't do enny good. So I jest stopt, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, for thar's a blood-blister pinched on me about six inches long.

"Think, sez I, that rether gits me! What in the very deuce could it a bin? Arter thinkin' about it a while, I concluded to go back, and look for the critter, jest for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Drec'kly I sees the split open about half a inch, and then shet up agin; then I sees it open and shet, and open and shet, and open and shet, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'.

"Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split tree, but what in thunder was makin' it do it? At first, I felt orfully scared, and thought it must be somethin' dreadful; and then agin I thought it mought'n't. Next I thought about haunts and ghosts, and about a runnin' home and sayin' nothin' about it; and then I thought it couldn't be enny on 'em, for I'd never hearn tell o' them a pesterin' a feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors riz up in my veins, and told me it 'ud be cowardly to go home and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let it to the tree like blazes, and purty soon it cum down and smashed into flinders—and what do you think? Why, it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so close that every time they breathed they made the split open."

A TOUGH DOSE.—There is a doctor in the northwestern part of this consolidated city, who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A week or two since he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey. "Well, doctor, I'm down, you see; completely floored; got the Tremendous Delirium, you know!" "Tremens, you fool; where'd you get your rum?" queried the doctor. "All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor." "Served you right—where'd you get your rum?" "Father died of the same disease; took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily." "Well, you've got to take something immediately." "You're a trump, Doc—here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye." "Lie still, blockhead. Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in about an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk strap; may be that'll fetch him to a sense of his folly." The doctor sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirium Tremendous" in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain but ignorant school, came up, and laying her hand upon the doctor's arm, said—"Doctor, I gave him the strap as you directed." "Did you thrash him well?" "Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it." "Oh! oh! doctor," roared the victim, "I—I swallowed the leather, but—but—" "But what?" "I swallowed the whole strap, but I'm blamed if I could go the buckle." The doctor administered two bread pills and evaporated.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON DAMAGED GOODS.—"Ah!" said Mrs. Partington as she stood looking at the placards stuck all over the front of a store, advertising *damaged goods* for sale. It was not a big R like those with which doctors begin their prescriptions with, but the simple ejaculation "ah!" and as she said it, people going along listened to what she had to say. "This," continued she, running on like a wheelbarrow, "is what is meant by Mr. Jaquethe, where he says 'sweet are the uses of advertisements,' but,"—and here she butted against the word "damaged," making two syllables of it, with a profane construction on the first, that made her hold her hands up in unqualified horror. "But though the goods are aged, I don't see the need of putting it quite so strong—so much stronger than the goods are, I dare say." She here pulled her sleeve, at the same time kicking a big dog on the nose who was smelling at her "ridicule," and the old lady moved on amid the crowd.—*Boston Gazette.*

THE BURGLAR'S FRIEND.—"This here, Sir, is a Petition to the Governor for the Pardon of Jim Cutthroat—one of the best Fellows in the World—who had the Misfortune to knock his Wife's Brains out, set Fire to his House, and burn up his two Babies. All done, Sir, in a moment of ungovernable Passion, for which a Poor Fellow oughtn't to be held responsible. I hope you'll sign it, Sir. We've got the names of Eight eminent Merchants, Sixteen leading Lawyers, and Ten Wall Street Operators. See here!"

MORAL MERCHANT. "Ah! I see. Poor Fellow dashed his Wife's Brains out, eh? Burnt up his two Babies! Poor Fellow! Well, I suppose I must sign it." [*Signs his name.*]—*N. Y. Picayune.*

AN ELOQUENT DUN.—Some years ago, a publisher in Vermont, finding a large amount of unpaid subscription on his books, concluded to employ a special collecting agent to go round for a per centage of his collections; and dun the delinquent, which he accordingly did in the person of O———s, a substantial farmer of Democratic faith and persuasive address.

He undertook his task rather reluctantly, for the paper inculcated Calvinistic doctrines which O——— abhorred, and about election time, always threw its political influence on the side of the Whigs, which was a still greater objection in the mind of the Democratic agent.

He met with all sorts of excuses—such as "Never ordered it," "Don't get it regular," "Told 'em to stop it long ago," &c., &c., but O——— was pertinacious, and wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

"I don't like the paper, any way," said one.

"Nor I either," said O———; "it's an awful mean paper, I'll allow—but you've got to take it, you know, as long as you don't pay up. That's the law. So if I was in your place, I'd pay up and stop the blamed thing."

The man cashed over. O——— got a hint from this, and, using the same argument with every grumbler he met, collected nearly every dollar that was due the concern. But the principal had scarcely got his money when he discovered that his agent's eloquence had nearly ruined his subscription list.—*Boston Post.*

WASN'T EXACTLY CERTAIN.—The following testimony was given in the case of The Commonwealth *versus* Borrowscale, for an affray, tried at Boston some years ago:—

Counsel—Did you see William Borrowscale knock the man down?

Witness—William Borrowscale might do such a thing.

Counsel—Answer me directly. Did you see Borrowscale knock him down?

Witness—I can't exactly say that I did.

The Court—State, Mr. Witness, what you did see.

Witness—Well, I saw William Borrowscale take *his hand away from the man's head quick, and then the man fell down right away!*—*N. Y. Post.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—In a journey up the country a fat Frenchman, who had equipped himself in an old mandarin coat, a huge pair of China boots, and a black wide awake, was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat was being drawn over one of those mud embankments which serve the purpose of our locks. He also was very much flattered at the politeness of an old man, who prostrated himself three times before him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily, an interpreter was present, who explained that this old man took our French friend for the Devil, and was worshipping him in that capacity according to Chinese rites.—*China Correspondence of the London Times.*

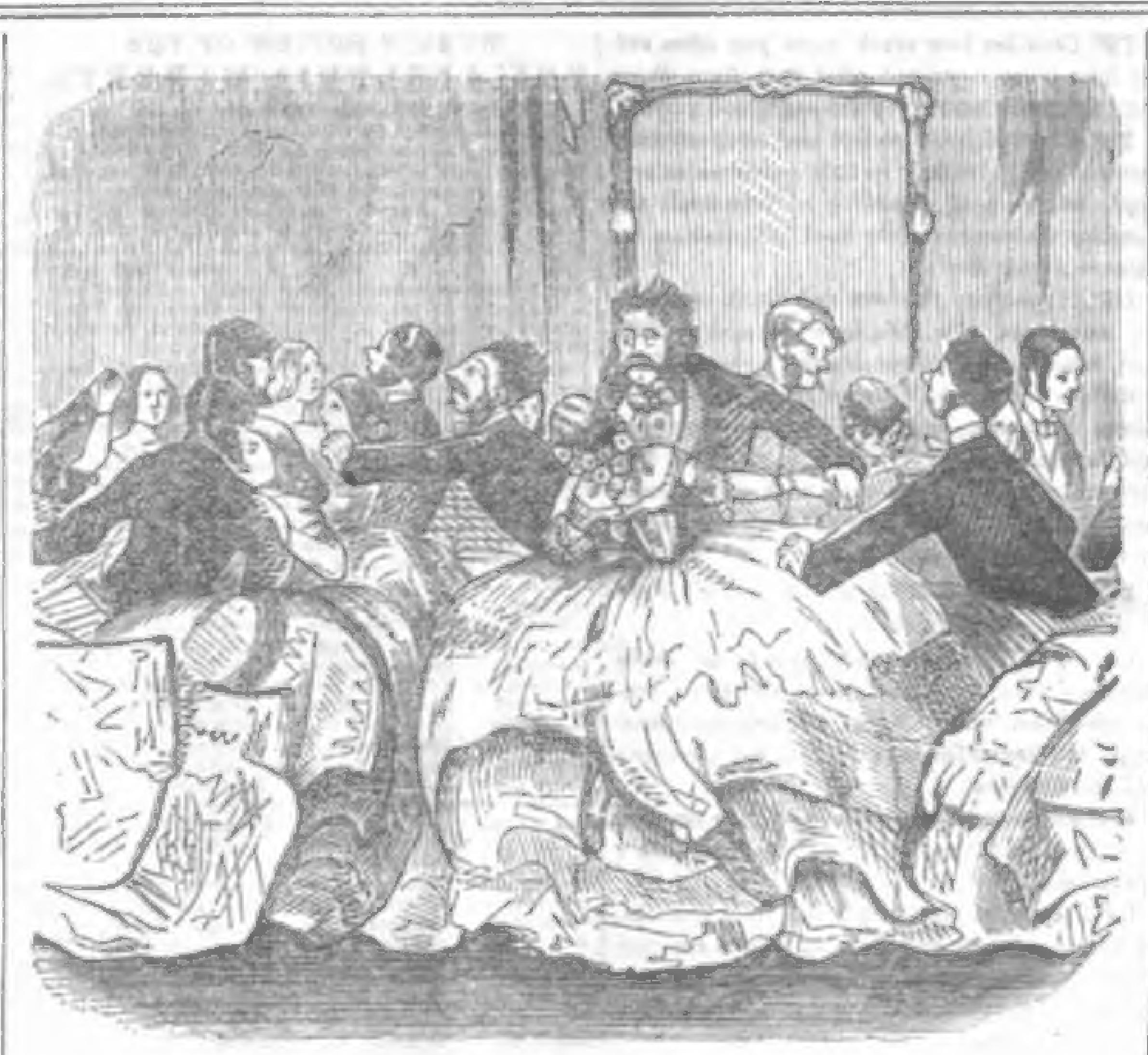
"TEW HUM."—The following is from the letter of an American now travelling in Italy, to the New York Times:—At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it was here that the Pope found refuge when he fled from the Republic in 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board of an American *frigate*. The commander welcomed them in these terms: "Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do?" "Here, Lieutenant Jones, you speak French; *parley vous* with the Pope, while the King and I go down and have a drink. King, *come on!*"

BERANGER AND DUPIN.—With Beranger's death all his intimates began to ransack their memories for his *bon mots*. One is now current, made in reply to a speech of M. Dupin, whose recent apostacy is the latest "nine days wonder" in French politics. Dupin's avarice, it must be premised, is notorious in his own country, and is in itself sufficient to explain the apostacy which so many theories have been started to account for. One day, Dupin was showing boastfully to his friends a coat which he had worn for ten years uninterruptedly. "Yes," said Beranger, "but how often during the time you must have had new pockets!"

A ROYAL MARRIAGE IN 1816.—The daughter of George the Fourth, the Princess Charlotte of Wales was married at Carlton House, late on a May evening, in 1816, to Prince Leopold, the present King of the Belgians. The whole ceremony, save that it did not take place in a consecrated building, was as dignified and refined as could be desired. The bride's waist, indeed, was just under her arms, and the "groom" had a livery sort of look, in his knee-breeches,—but fashion then saved them from the ridiculous look which they wear in the pictures of the time. The Prince looked about him with his usual inquiring glance, as if to see what people thought of him. The bride was in high spirits, showed her foot, as she was wont to do, and, as one who heard her, informs us, gave out a charmingly distinct "*Yes, I will,*" in answer to the all-important query of the ceremony, which raised a smile on the faces of all around. Was it not singular, that at one of her earliest visits to the theatre the managers could think of no daintier after-dish to set before her than "Tom Thumb!" She very properly left the house before it was concluded.

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.—History, besides its bad men, is filled with debateable men. Historic doubts arise to disturb the verdict of ages: judgments are wholly reversed; black men become white; white black. A shade falls upon the great name of Sydney. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade are rising in public estimation. Queen Mary finds a patron in one party in the Church. Crook-backed Richard has his apologists. Judas Iscariot himself has recently been pronounced by learned, and even Episcopal critics, to have been probably not so black as for eighteen centuries he has been believed to be. After all, whose opinions are to govern? What history is to be followed? Are we to have the Duke of Marlborough?—an angel of light, says Lord Stanhope—a fallen angel, says Lord Macaulay—a traitor, a murderer.—*London Athenæum.*

CHARMS FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—A person professing to be a Christian, has been detected in Syke, Scotland, in selling charms to cure toothache. One of these charms reads as follows:—"St Peter sat on a marble stone weeping and crying, the Lord Jesus came bye, asked what aileth thee Peter, my Lord God it's my tooth, arise then Peter and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt never have the toothache. Given to A——— B——— in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. ✠ ✠ ✠."



A FASHIONABLE PARTY.

One likes to see the young people enjoying themselves—but really we were lately at a fashionable party, and could not, for the life of us, discern anything but some black coats struggling frantically in a sea of white muslin.

Agricultural.

MR. RAREY'S POWER OVER HORSES.

To show that Mr. Rarey's power is not a thing personal to himself, he has, since his exhibition of it at Windsor, (an account of which we published some weeks since,) communicated the secret of it to Major-General Sir Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget, and Col. Hood, under the most stringent obligations, of course, that they will not disclose it to others; and Lord Alfred Paget, who is now as much a horse-tamer as Mr. Rarey, on Saturday gave a successful exemplification of his skill before her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their august visitors, taking for his subject a beautiful dapple gray pony belonging to the Prince of Wales. Lord Alfred was left alone with the pony for a few minutes in the riding-school, and on the admission of the royal party it was prostrate upon the ground with his lordship sitting, caressing it, handling its feet and legs, resting on its haunches, and in all respects treating it in a manner proving its complete subjection to him. That over, Mr. Rarey appeared with the black horse from Anderson's, in Piccadilly, to which reference has been made, and his mastery over which he showed in a variety of ways. Placing himself at one end of the riding-school, he called to the animal, which he had left at the other, and it immediately cantered toward him in a playful manner. It lay down at his bidding, or followed him like a dog round the building. When down, a plank was laid upon his shoulder, up which Lord Alfred Paget ran a wheelbarrow. Finally, when the horse had regained his legs, he was mounted by Mr. Rarey, who sat on the animal's crupper with his back to the head, beating a drum and cracking a whip over him, this treatment resulting in neither motion nor fear on the part of the horse. One of the fine stud of cream-colored horses belonging to her Majesty was next subjected to the manipulation of Mr. Rarey, with an equally successful and surprising result, so far as laying down the animal, which is an entire horse was concerned, and handling him all over with the most perfect freedom, the horse-tamer not deeming it desirable, on so short an acquaintance, to carry the familiarity to the extent of opening an umbrella in his face, or cracking a whip, or beating a drum over him. Besides the frequent display of some vicious propensities, this particular animal of late has never permitted any one to ride him; but he allowed Mr. Rarey to mount him without offering the least resistance. With this the exhibition terminated, and the Queen and her illustrious visitors, by whom it was witnessed with the most evident tokens of interest and wonder, took their departure.

It ought to be stated that Mr. Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget, and Col. Hood, to each of whom Mr. Rarey has communicated his secret, are understood to declare that there is nothing in the treatment in the smallest degree painful or improper toward the horse subjected to it, or which would offend the susceptibilities of a bystander sensitively alive to anything partaking in the least of cruelty to a dumb animal. They also assert that it consists of no trickery of any description, nor of the use of any drug, or mesmeric or other similar influence whatever. Mr. Rarey's theory is that hitherto all our treatment of this noble animal—at least, in the preliminary stages of breaking, etc.—has proceeded on ideas of his nature altogether erroneous and cruel, and been invariably characterized by unnecessary violence, which has provoked the display of resistance and other kindred qualities on his part, and so the evil has been perpetuated. The principle on which Mr. Rarey goes, on the other hand, is one of extreme kindness and tenderness towards the animal, the object being to convince him that man is his natural master and friend, and to elicit his confidence and kind regard. Mr. Rarey appeals to what he calls "the intellect and affections of the horse," and states that this is the secret of all his success. He is a slightly made man, about 30 years of age, the son of a stock farmer and breeder of horses, who lived in Franklin county, in the State of Ohio, and is himself engaged in a similar occupation at a place called Groveport, about 10 miles from Columbus, the capital of that State. From boyhood he is said to have exhibited an intense fondness for horses and a remarkable aptitude for breaking and training them after the old fashion, until he discovered this more humane system of treatment, which he has since practised with the greatest success in his native State. The subjects on which he has operated have been in many cases horses reclaimed in a perfectly wild condition from the American prairie, and in the course of his experience he has had one arm and both legs broken. He is accompanied to this country by Mr. E. A. Goodenough, a gentleman of long standing and respectability as a merchant and amateur breeder of horses in the City of Toronto, who brings letters of recommendation to the Government from Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada, and Lieutenant General Sir William Eyre, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada. We believe that Sir Richard Airey and Lord Alfred Paget have been requested to inquire into and report upon the system of treatment adopted by Mr. Rarey in the interest of the Government.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR BARKED TREES.—In the fall and winter of 1856, I was obliged to keep a couple of goats for the sake of their milk for an infant. During my absence to the city one day in the winter, the goats got loose and committed depredations in my garden, by stripping the bark from several young apple and pear trees, and through a broken paling found their way into a neighbor's garden, and subjected his apple and pear trees to the same treatment, gnawing the bark off as high as they could reach. I supposed, of course, the trees were all killed, and concluded to experiment on those in my own garden. I procured several newspapers, cut them into convenient strips for handling, and covered them with good boiled flour paste, wrapping several thicknesses around the wounded parts of the trees, thus forming an artificial bark. My trees were covered with foliage during the summer and autumn, and I could not *perceive any difference in them during the whole season. My neighbor did nothing with his.* In the spring and early part of summer they looked promising, but as soon as the extreme heat of summer touched them, they were withered and completely dried up, with an abundance of shoots from the lower part of the trunk below the wounds. All the trees are about six years old, and were transplanted from the nursery about three years since. There were two young ones on the front road that shared the same fate as my neighbor's trees. Can it be that the covering protected the circulation of the sap and answered the same purpose as the natural bark?—J. D. V., *in Am. Agriculturist.*

A CHEAP ICE ROOM.—I send you my experience. I partitioned off the north-east corner of my wood-house, which opens to the west, and is 25 feet wide. The ice room is about nine feet square; is clapboarded on the studs on the north and east, and lined on the inside, leaving the four inch space between empty. On the south is an inch board partition just tight enough to hold saw-dust. On the west I slip in boards, like bars, any height I wish to pile my ice, and leave the upper part open just as is convenient. This is my house.

Into it, on the ground, I put from six to ten inches of saw-dust, then put in my ice, one foot from the partition on every side, packing it in as closely as I can, and in as large blocks as I can conveniently handle. I then fill the spaces next the partitions with saw-dust, and a good depth (say one foot) over the top, and it is done for the year.

I have practised in this way two years past; and had all I wanted for dairy and other uses, and to give to my neighbors, and I had plenty of good ice left last week.

The whole cost of making is about 300 feet hemlock boards, a few nails, and half a day's work. Neighbor farmers, *try it.* Almost any other location is as good as this.—*Ohio Farmer.*

HARDY APPLES FOR THE WEST.—The following list of such varieties of the apple as have withstood best the effects of the two past severe winters, is furnished by E. Ordway, of Freeport, Ill., viz: Tallman Sweeting, Yellow Bellflower, Small Romanite, Large Romanite, Seek-no-further, Yellow Juneating, Golden Russet, Northern Spy, White Winter Pearmain, Winesap, Fallawater, Maiden's Blush, Gross Pommier, Red Canada, Dumpling, Sops of Wine, Brazeau. Some of these, he states, originated in Missouri, but we observe two-thirds are Eastern sorts.—*Country Gentleman.*

FEEDING TURNIPS.—If strict attention is paid to giving cows turnips *only immediately* after being milked night and morning, neither milk nor butter will taste of turnips. This has been followed here several seasons with entire success; and in any instance of inattention to orders, turnips having been given before milking, the flavor of the milk was disagreeably strong of turnips.—*Dumfries Courier.*

CURE FOR DRY MURRAIN.—On the first discovery of it, give from 1 to 2 lbs. of salts, according to the age and size of the creature, say an ox 2 lbs. I never knew it to fail. I am not a cattle doctor, but a farmer, and have kept considerable stock, and merely give my experience and observation.—*Correspondent Rural New Yorker.*

REMEDIES.

MASSON'S OIL FOR WOUNDS, &C.—I have long been in possession of a recipe for an oil for the cure of corked hoofs and wounds of horses: Take 2 oz. rock salt, 2 oz. of copperas, 2 oz. white vitriol, 8 oz. of sale molasses, ½ pint linseed oil, 1 pint of chamber ley. Pulverize and boil the above together fifteen minutes; then add 4 oz. spirits turpentine, and 1 oz. oil of vitriol, and bottle it up, and when cold it is fit for use. Shake the bottle before using it. Bathe the wound once or twice a day, and dry it in with a hot shovel.

I have kept and used this liniment, which is here known as "Masson's Oil," for the past ten years to a good account.

REMEDY FOR GARGET IN COWS.—I had, a few days since, a new milch cow, whose bag was very badly caked—so much so, that the usual remedies of cold water, soap-suds, spirits camphor, &c., had no effect upon it. I asked our family physician for a prescription, who gave me this:

1 part aqua ammonia,
2 parts sweet oil,

well rubbed in twice daily. In two days a cure was effected.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE FRESH INK SPOTS.—A farmer's "gude wife" assures me—in addition to which I have seen it successfully tried—that fresh ink spots may be removed by the following method, namely: Covering the part stained with, or submerging it under, a little *warm milk*—the newer the better—for from five to ten minutes; then rinse and wash with soft water. It is a very cheap and simple process, and efficacious withal.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—Take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg; then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

REMEDY FOR LEAKS.—A correspondent of the Lynn News says:—"Some years ago I had a leaking 'L.' Every north-east storm drove its waters in. I made a composition of four pounds of rosin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, applied it hot with a brush to the part where the L joined the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor, who had a Lutheran window which leaked badly. He applied it and the leak stopped. I made my water cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, &c., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."

PREVENTING INCRUSTATION IN BOILERS.—R. M'Cafferty, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, patented a new process for this purpose on the 14th of April, 1857. It consists in putting half a pound of black gum catechu in a boiler of 100-horse power, until the water becomes the color of pale brandy, and during the week the water is kept as nearly that color as possible, by adding small pieces of catechu from time to time.—*So long as this color is kept up, no incrustation forms; and in boilers where there is already an* incrustation, its application gradually decomposes the lime, and it falls down, and is deposited in a kind of slush at the bottom, which may easily be washed away through the blow-off cock.

PRESERVING RAILROAD TIMBERS.—Mr. J. Scott, of Newark, Ohio, says:—I would suggest a cheap plan for increasing the durability of railroad ties and other timbers in exposed situations. Make a cheap, long tank, with a furnace under it, and place it on a railroad car. Fill it with coal tar, (which can be obtained at any of the gas works for $1,50 a barrel,) and bring it to a boiling heat. Now introduce a set of ties or timbers, and boil them for a short period, raising them up and down by some simple contrivance, four or five times, when undergoing the operation; then take them out and let them dry for a few days. It will require but a short time to prepare timbers in this manner, and the cost is not worth naming, in comparison with the durability imparted to them over those laid down in their natural condition. One set of tar-prepared ties will last three times longer than an unprepared set. Fence posts should also have their ends which enter the ground treated in this manner.

LIP SALVE.—One-fourth ounce storax, one-fourth ounce spermaceti, one-fourth ounce gum benzoin, one-half ounce white wax, one-fourth pound lard or fresh butter, one penny's worth alkanet root, a large apple, and a handful of raisins chopped fine. Put the ingredients into a tin saucepan and let them simmer until all be dissolved—then strain through muslin without squeezing.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A CHEAP AND GOOD PUDDING.—Permit me once more to give you a recipe for making a good pudding. It is at once economical, healthful, nutritious, and delicious; it may be eaten warm or cold. When cold, it is a capital substitute for *Blanc mange.*

Into a nappy that will contain about two quarts, place apples, pared and cut coarsely, until the dish is nearly full; sprinkle on this six tablespoonfuls of sago; then pour into the dish as much hot water as will cover the apples and sago. Let it bake about two hours. If the upper pieces of apples become too brown, push them down and others will take their places.

This pudding should be eaten in deep plates or saucers, with cream or milk and sugar.—*Country Gentleman.*

RECIPE FOR RENEWING THE SKIN.—There is a certain bean which grows in the East Indies, the outer pod of which has a quality very much prized by the women of those countries. On the lessening of their beauty of complexion, by sunburn or by the eruption of any disease, they gather this nut, take the rind, or pod, and rub it well upon the face. The juice is first very corrosive and the flesh swells and inflames under it, and then turns black. The patient is at this time a horrible object and the universal custom is a most studious concealment till the process is past. In about two weeks, however, the old skin peels off, and the renewed one makes its appearance—as rosy, as delicate and as fair as that of an infant. At the cost of five days of suffering, and fifteen days of secret concealment from all mortal sight, the precious boon of a *bran-new skin* can thus be secured to fading beauty.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 2, 7, 3, 4, 5, 10, 5, was an ancient and powerful people.
My 1, 2, 15, 11, 18, 9, is a place of assemblage.
My 10, 14, 14, 10, 6, is a distinguished American authoress.
My 4, 16, 6, belongs to Plato's regions.
My 18, 5, is a pronoun of the first person.
My 13, 16, 11, 4, was an officer in the army of Israel.
My 7, 4, 17, 10, 11, 19, was the discoverer of the planets Pallas and Vesta.
My 19, 9, 4, 18, 10, 4, was a kinsman of Paul.
My whole was a most distinguished navigator and discoverer; by birth an Italian.

GAHMEW

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 8, 11, 20, 14, is an American poetess.
My 9, 11, 13, 17, is an American poetess.
My 2, 11, 4, 3, is an American poetess.
My 4, 10, 8, 6, 7, is an American poetess.
My 1, 2, 3, 8, 12, 9, 16, 21, is an American poetess.
My 18, 11, 4, 13, 19, 15, is an American poetess.
My 5, 2, 12, 16, 13, 17, is an American poetess.
My whole is an American poetess.

CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 16, 5, 9, 10, was an ancient poet.
My 3, 21, 24, 19, 20, 9, is a man's name.
My 4, 22, 13, is a farming utensil.
My 7, 22, 26, 10, 13, is a river in France.
My 11, 6, 17, 2, 14, was an Emperor of Rome.
My 11, 10, 6, 9, 27, 11, 13, is a city in Austria.
My 12, 5, 8, 23, is a city in England.
My 15, 19, 3, 10, 18, 19, is a place of worship.
My 18, 2, 11, is a poor abode.
My 25, 6, 25, 9, 10, is a quadruped.
My whole was a Scotch author of great fame.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 10, 11, 8, 3, 9, is a male name.
My 4, 7, 5, 6, is a metal.
My 12, 2, is an interjection.
My whole is the name of a beautiful city.
Fayette, Alleghany Co., Pa. E. McBRIDE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Reader dear,
Lend an ear—
Give unto my *first* a name;
When you're tired,
You're admired,
To retire, and take the same

Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Uncle, aunt, and cousin too,
Rightly reckon'd,
Are my *second*,
In relationship to you

Reader mine,
When you dine,
Then my *whole* you often see;
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Doubtless use it frequently.

GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'm used on the land and on the sea,
And every place where man can be;
I often cause alarm and fear,
And often, too, bring joy and cheer.

Upon the mountain's rugged peak,
The traveller oft my aid doth seek;
And if his search should prove in vain,
He'll oft descend towards the plain.

I'm very often heard and seen,
In city gay or forest green;
My power is great, you will confess,
If you've the skill my name to guess.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Once on a time," as in history we're told,
A nation was happy, fearless, and bold.
But alas! they did my *first* for paltry gains
And sold themselves to slavery's chains.

Those who in the country do abide,
And they that roam in the forest wide
Have surely oft my *second* seen,
As it hopped amid the foliage green.

The notes of war were flying past,
The crimson tide was flowing fast,
When my *whole* fell on the field of strife,
And for his country gave his life.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

1. A-wart.
2. O-man-l-rov!
3. Purt-Alrabam.
4. Moon-blabbed.
5. Sen-angel.
6. Benjamin Sam
7. Mali.
8. Joe Sims.
9. Dope-mer.
10. Head-la-ashy.
11. Stews.
12. O-antah-o!

CINROS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the size of a cubical box that can be made from 173½ ft. of plank 1½ inch thick.

Centerville, Huron Co. F. W.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the best ship that man ever embarked in? Ans.—Courtship.

☞ Why should men always trust to their horses? Ans.—Because they can't err (canter.)

☞ What kind of money is liked best by most men and women? Ans.—Matrimoney.

☞ Why was Lord Palmerston like the Leviathan, a few weeks ago? Ans.—Because he stopped the run on the *Bank.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.—Madame Henrietta Sontag. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The rebellious Sepoys of British India. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Great fear is often concealed by a show of daring. CHARADE.—Post-chaise. CHARADE.—Summons. CHARADE.—Flagstaff. ANAGRAMS.—1. Madison; 2. Columbus; 3. Springfield; 4. Austin; 5. Annapolis; 6. Trenton; 7. Newport; 8. Dover; 9. Tallahassee; 10. Lansing; 11. Indianapolis; 12. Iowa City. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—Perpendicular 83,1750 per base 94,1869 per hypothenuse 105,2867.

A FRENCH OPINION OF THE GERMANS.—To converse with a German is not difficult; he has two weaknesses—nature and tobacco. Offer him a cigar or speak to him of the sky, the sea, or the mountains, and you come round him by his vices or his virtues. I have the misfortune not to smoke, but I fall back upon Heaven. Wunderschon (wonderfully fine!) I cry, showing him the meadows dotted with trees glittering in verdure; Wunderschon is in German what (if we may believe Figaro) "Goddam," is in English; it is the key of the whole language.—*M. Laboulaye.*